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DREAM TIME.

BY J. CASSELL.

'Tis only when the heart is young
That life is like a dream,
And Love, with sweet, persuasive tongue,
Becomes the central theme.

But when Old Age begins to tread,
And Time to harden all;
And when the sun his splendor shed,
The threatening shadows fall;

The dream is over; bells are rung
To start a sterner theme;
'Tis only when the heart is young
That life is like a dream.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIVE HUNDRED pounds! It rang in her ears like a knell—over and over. Five hundred pounds! And to-morrow would be Friday. To-morrow had she promised to meet him—to give him five hundred pounds! Three hundred, out of her own pin-money, had she on hand. But the other two?

There was music and signing and light talk going on in the cream and gold drawing-room, but a little apart from the others the Countess sat, her dark head bowed over the book of etchings on her lap.

Of course she could ask Harold for the sum. He would give it to her instantly and unquestioningly. But he might wonder for what purpose she required it, and she dreaded the birth of suspicion in his mind.

She must not fail to secure it. Not that Darcy could really injure her—the Countess of Silverdale was above all possible humiliation—but she dreaded that he would seek the Earl and insist on telling the story of her sister's shame. He was so intensely proud, he would feel it terribly. No, poor Marguerite's secret must be kept! But the extra two hundred pounds!

The Earl, talking with one of the Dallas girls across the room, and every now and then sending furtive glances in her direction, thought, as he caught a glimpse of her pale, weary face, that she did not look as happy as she used to a few short months ago.

Could it be that she thought he was failing in devotion, love?

As soon as he could in courtesy leave his companion, he crossed over to his wife.

She looked up at him with a faint smile.

"Dear heart, what a sad face!" he whispered. "I think you need brightening up. If you had more young people—merry people—around you all the time, you would feel better. You grieve too much for Marguerite."

She did not lift her dark fringed lids.

Ah, yes she did grieve for her! Was not the weight of Marguerite's woe always heavy on her heart? Poor Marguerite!

"Hush!" she murmured. "Listen—Iva is going to sing."

The Earl's heart warmed to his wife as he noted what a fond look she gave her step-daughter.

Iva, walking towards the piano, met the wistful glance.

"What shall it be, mamma?" she called, brightly.

No sickly sentimentalist was this daughter of Lord Silverdale—just a very lovely, very, healthy, very happy girl! And so her cheeks were pink as apple blossoms in May; her deep blue eyes full of brilliance; the smiles and dimples swift to come.

"Sing 'My love is like a red, red rose.'"

She sat down and struck the opening chords with a light and brilliant touch. And then her rich sweet voice rose in the pretty, old Scotch song.

And Lionel, bending over the rack and turning her music, thought that no rose which ever "sprang in June" was half as delicately glowing, as fair, as sweet, as this golden-haired girl in the dove gray cashmere gown who sat and sang the charming ballad.

Hers was the blush of early summer; hers the perfume, the subtle, indescribable perfume of high birth and good breeding.

And deep in his heart, almost unconsciously, the young fellow echoed the tender, saucy words of the song:

"So fair art thou, my bonnie love,
So deep in love am I,
That I will love you still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry."

It was finished. There was a murmurous little storm of applause.

A few minutes later, Iva found herself near Sir Geoffrey Damyn. A certain warmth came into his languid gaze as their eyes met.

"Oh, to see or hear her singing, scarce I know which is divinest?" he quoted, in a low voice.

"Thank you!" she cried, as she passed on.

And Geoffrey Damyn turned his attention again to the Countess.

Whenever he could do so without being observed, without apparent rudeness, he watched her intently. The fascination her face held for him was extraordinary. He could not help looking at her. Involuntarily his glance sought her. That most marvellous resemblance! It seemed to increase, if possible, rather than diminish.

Marguerite's hair had been lighter than was that of the Earl's wife. She was gayer, merrier, too, more full of spirit and life; but the voice, the smile, the trick of attitude, these were identical.

The more he looked the more earnest grew his expression. His black eyes seemed striving to burn into her very soul.

In his absorption, he did not perceive that Lord Silverdale, apparantly chatting lightly with Nora Dallas, was, in reality, keenly observing him.

"Confound the fellow!" thought his lordship, savagely. "What does he mean by staring so at Lilian? Is he falling in love with her? Beastly bad form, such a stare! If he were not my guest I'd feel tempted to give him a thrashing."

But, pshaw! Damyn was a gentleman. He had got into a reverie. His scrutiny was probably the blank gaze of far-off thoughts; and Lilian was remarkably pretty. He could not expect his friend would be blind to that fact.

But just as he had cheerfully accepted his own logic, he saw his wife, as though compelled to do so, slowly turn, lift her eyes and look full into those of Geoffrey Damyn lounging by the hearth. And he saw, too, the blood rush to her cheeks in a crimson flood, then fade away, leaving her white as ashes.

He compressed his lips till they showed just a livid line in his burnished beard. Why, in the name of Heaven, did his guest honor the Countess with such profound and piercing attention? Why should she blush so burningly when her glance met his?

"And you really think we will have skating this winter, Lord Silverdale?"

"Skating? I beg your pardon, Miss Dallas. Yes. I should not be surprised to find the lake frozen over any morning."

But he was glad when they were all gone at last.

"Why are you taking that upstairs, Harold?" my lady asked, as he came out of the library with a little iron-clamped box in his hand.

"I don't care to leave it downstairs to-night. There are several hundred pounds in it, rent I received to-day. A couple of houses in Rothlyn have been entered lately, and I would rather not run any risks."

Several hundred pounds. It was within her reach—actually brought under her hand!

In her boudoir, the Earl went over to her rosewood writing desk, drew out a drawer, placed the case he carried therein, closed and locked the drawer.

The key he dropped in his pocket. Across the top of the book she had taken up the Countess watched his every movement.

He sank wearily into his chair. His fine face was perplexed and moody.

"Tired, darling?"

She had laid down her book, crossed over to him, slipped her arm around his neck. The dear, loving voice, the clinging touch.

He brightened, smiled affectionately, and drew her lips down to his.

"Yes, and a small bit cranky," he confessed laughing.

And then he went to bed and to sleep.

But with busily whirling brain the Countess of Silverdale lay and stared at the taper burning in a bowl of crimson glass on the console.

The bedroom was divided by an arch from the boudoir. Between the two hung heavy Oriental portieres, which at night were pushed back on their brazen rod, so that the two made really one long bedroom.

Directly opposite this arch an immense gold framed mirror covered the wall from floor to ceiling.

How long Harold had slept he himself could not have told, but when he opened his eyes, he missed his wife from his side.

Ten minutes passed.

Still heavy with sleep, though his eyes were open, he lay motionless.

Was that a door jarring?

He moved a little.

Through the arch a soft light streamed. He could not see into the other apartment. Dully his gaze sought the great mirror. He stared therein stupidly, sleepily.

His wife, a wrapper flung over her night-gown, barefooted, a lamp in her hand, had come into the boudoir from the hall.

Some one had been taken ill, probably, and she had been called. But why was she standing so still, her head bent forward, as though listening?

There was no sound.

She laid her lamp down on a table, turned to her escritoire, applied something she held in her hand to the drawer.

A key—he heard it creak in the lock.

Between the dull glow of the taper on the very low console of the mirror and the brightness in the adjoining room, he could see quite well in the great glass.

She drew out the drawer, took therefrom his square cash-box, turned in it the tiny key he had neglected to remove, threw back the lid.

The mild surprise of the watcher became intensified into curiosity.

What in the wide world did Lilian want rummaging among his notes and bills at this hour of night? It must be long after midnight!

He sat bolt upright in bed. He saw her rise and with something in her hand, cross the room.

For an instant she passed out of his line of vision.

He was about to call, when she came back empty-handed.

As before, she stood stockstill a moment.

Then softly and deliberately she turned the iron-clamped box upside down, strewing its contents in confusion on the floor.

Good Heavens! was she going mad? What else could such queer conduct mean?

The sweat started out on the Earl's brow.

There was such a catlike stealthiness of movement about her, such furtiveness of action, it mystified, terrified him.

Hush! he sank back.

She was coming in. With a last cautious look of secrecy around she had taken up her lamp.

Leaving the papers and money lying in the disorder in which she had strewn them, she came towards the half-curtained arch.

Impelled by excitement, the Earl rose to a sitting posture.

How quietly she moved! Her bare feet sunk in the soft carpet.

With one hand she pushed the portiere still further aside. Holding the lamp in the other she came gliding in.

The light fell on her dainty face, on her loose, fur-bordered *negligé*, on the snowy laces and embroideries of her *robe de nuit*, which puffed from the unbuttoned wrapper.

He did not for a second remove his eyes from the great mirror, though, now that she was in the room, he might have looked at her rather than her reflection.

But her actions had been so uncanny, so cunning, so inexplicable, he felt fairly frozen—incapable of as much as turning his head.

Two! It boomed solemnly from the clock above the stables.

Still holding the lamp, she advanced.

Immediately before her was the mirror, and in it—

Her heart ceased beating.

From the polished surface, directly at her looked the pallid face, the wild, wide eyes of the Earl of Silverdale!

CHAPTER XIX.

DETECTED!

She did not drop the lamp. Indeed, her slim fingers only closed more fierce around it.

She had been sufficiently cautious. She had supposed he would sleep soundly till morning, as he usually did.

And now he had seen all—all! She knew that by his dismayed and marvelling expression. How could she explain? what could she say?

She betrayed no emotion. She was too stunned for that. Still as if carved from stone she stood, scarcely breathing.

"Lilian!"

And even as he spoke a scheme, a device, flashed lightning like to her brain. Steadily she moved forward—steadily and silently.

"Lilian!" he called, hoarsely, again.

But still she did not answer. With the same measured, noiseless step she passed just below the bed over to the mantle. There she deposited her lamp.

"Good Heaven!" the Earl groaned. "One or the other of us is mad!"

She turned slowly—came towards the bed.

Her face was set, her eyes open, vacant, unseeing.

And now she was beside him.

He put out his hand, touched her lightly.

Blankly and blindly she looked beyond him.

"Heaven!" he muttered. "She is asleep!"

She heard. Oh! her heart was beating fast enough now—fast and exultantly! That was her scheme. It had worked. That her plan. It had succeeded.

She had feigned somnambulism.

She began to remove her wrapper.

The Earl lay gently back on his pillow. He must not awaken her. He had heard of serious effects to a sleep-walker from being too suddenly aroused.

Ten minutes more, and she lay, the white lids drooped, the sweet breath coming full and even, wrapped in a fair and peaceful slumber.

Little Lilian—his poor, dear, little Lilian! And what wild, horrible doubts about her had been unnerving, haunting him!

It was foolish of him to have told her there were burglars in Rothlyn. The idea had doubtless frightened her. She had slept awhile, dreamed of intruders, and had risen in her sleep to act their part.

The winter dawn was gray and dreary in the east when he rose, dressed quietly, went into the boudoir, collected his scattered papers, found his memorandum, counted his money.

The total was incorrect. He referred to his list of receipts—counted again. Two hundred pounds were missing.

She had crossed the room, he remembered now, with something in her hand.

Where had she secreted it?

He was about to make search for it when a low knock came to the door.

He instantly opened it. The servant looked rather astonished at seeing his master up and dressed so early.

"Please, your lordship, we found the library window, shutters and all, wide open this morning. And Thomas says he fastened every one last night. We are afraid it maybe thieves got in, seeing as they are in the neighborhood."

"Oh, nonsense!" ejaculated the Earl, abruptly. "Don't be alarmed at your shadow. Some one doubtless opened the casement after Thomas closed it, that is all. Some one in the house."

But as he spoke he comprehended the circumstance which had scared the servants.

In her excited and irresponsible condition, Lilian had gone down and opened the window, full of some vague consciousness that thus it was burglars entered. Then she had returned and emptied his cash-box on the floor, and then had gone back to bed and fallen asleep sweetly as a child.

Somnambulists perpetrated fantastic tricks occasionally. Half-a-dozen he had heard came into his head.

But that two hundred pounds! Where had she put it? They would probably discover by chance. Of course she could not remember.

"Harold!"

"Yes, love."

She was up and dressed, coming through the parted portieres.

"How early we both are up! I was restless and could sleep no longer. Yet, I feel so tired, too."

She passed her hand over her eyes. She was looking wan and weary. She shivered in her warm wrapper of white merino and swansdown.

"Shall I tell you why, Lilian?" he asked, tenderly.

"Why?"

And she looked up at him with the innocent questioning of a baby.

"You feel exhausted because—don't be frightened, dear—because, instead of resting all these hours, you've been roaming over the house."

"I? Harold?"

Her amazement was boundless.

"Yes. You walked in your sleep last night."

"Oh, Harold!"

"You did, dear. When you returned to bed I spoke to you, touched you, but you only looked straight ahead. Your face was fixed, your eyes were unseeing."

"Oh, Harold!" she gasped again.

He stopped and kissed her.

"There is nothing to look so frightened about little one," he said, kindly.

And he made up his mind he would say no word to her about the missing two hundred pounds. It would only distress, annoy her. He would not cause her mortification for thrice the sum.

"And now we will go down for a cup of coffee. I have to ride into Rothlyn early."

She understood his silence.

How gentle and generous and noble he was! how worthy of the best woman God ever made! And she was his companion. He who was all that was high-minded, high-hearted, honorable—he under the ancestral roof which sheltered his young daughter, lived with her, a woman he had never wedded, and—oh, the strange shameful deception of it all—he knew it not!

CHAPTER XX

FRIDAY!

The short winter afternoon was almost gone. In the west a few bars of orange and dull red streaked the chill gray sky.

Seated in her favorite sleepy hollow chair by her boudoir fire, the Countess of Silverdale bound a handkerchief around her brows, took up her vinaigrette, rang the bell by the mantle and then sank back in her chair, her countenance assuming an expression of physical distress.

"Jane!"

"Yes my lady."

"If anyone asks for me, say I am feeling too ill to see them—that I have a wretched headache. I make no exceptions. I cannot possibly be present at dinner this evening unless I can secure a few hours rest now."

"Yes, your ladyship."

And Jane left her.

Hardly was she gone when the Countess leaped up tore the handkerchief from her forehead, flung aside her vinaigrette and passed into the next room, whence she emerged a few minutes later, clad in dark, tight-fitting walking costume from top to toe.

She counted over the roll of notes she held, then secreted them in the breast-pocket of her coat.

She went to the window.

Was it dark enough?

Yes, she might risk it now.

He had not said the hour he would be there, but most likely about the same time as before. He would be "skulking around," as he had said himself.

She was all impatience to be off. If it were only over!

The possession of the money, when she recalled how she had secured some of it, seemed actually to irritate, gall her.

She wanted to get rid of it—to have the distasteful, necessary meeting a thing of the past. This was the last time, please goodness, she would ever see his hateful face!

Egypt, he had said. Egypt was a long way off!

Yes, the last glimmer of daylight was gone. No one would see her now; or, seeing, they would not recognize her.

She went out on the small, side balcony, as she had gone the night she ran down to see the baby at the Lodge. But now, instead of hurrying down the main avenue, she made a detour and came out almost at the spot where she before had met him.

There he was, walking up and down under a leafless tree, a pipe—her pretty nose curled at the scent of the vile tobacco—a pipe in his mouth, his cap drawn low his hands in his pockets.

Light as was her footfall, it sounded distinct on the frozen snow.

He wheeled round. She went directly up to him.

"Here!"

She had thrust her gloved hand in her bosom, and was holding him out the package. He took it with a chuckle.

"All right, I suppose?" fingering it.

She deigned no reply.

"Well, you've stuck to your word, my lady," and now he touched his cap. "I'll stick to mine."

If he only would! Surely the worst was over now. She had no more to fear.

They turned immediately in different directions.

As she emerged on the broad, main avenue, she almost ran into Sir Geoffrey Damyn.

"I beg your pardon!"

He recognized her voice, and quickly lifted his hat.

"Alone, Lady Silverdale?" He gave a rapid glance around for a possible escort. "Are you not afraid to be out when it is so dark and late?"

She accepted his proffered arm.

"I?" laughing. "Oh, no! I am never afraid!"

There was something more than merry bravado in the musical voice. There was defiance.

At the Castle steps she paused, and shook her head.

"Go in," she said; "and don't mention our meeting."

Puzzled, but obedient, he entered the hall.

Standing at the window above, through the oppressively quiet, extremely clear night air, the Earl heard the injunction, "Don't mention our meeting!

To whom had she said that? It certainly was Lilian's voice. Why had she said it?

And just then she burst in through the long, French window.

The room was brightly lighted. She took one backward step, then came in, closing the casement.

Her husband confronted her!

"Where have you been, Lilian?" demanded the Earl, rather sternly.

A certain petulance swept over her!

This was the second time lately he had met her with the same question.

"For a walk," coldly.

"With whom?"

"Alone."

There was gravity, if not sternness, in his regard.

"Jane told me you were quite ill with the headache, and must not be disturbed."

She was angry at herself for having resented his first inquiry. She might have remembered he never was unjust.

She was worn out from the exciting events of the previous night—from her dread all day of her appointed interview.

So, feeling driven and confessed, she faced him, and said the very last thing she felt she should say,—

"Then why did you intrude?"

"Intrude, Lilian?"

She was getting deeper in the mire. Why was she so "contrary?" Never had she loved him more dearly.

"Yes."

Just the one icy word.

He drew himself to his fine height.

"I came in sympathy, Lilian," with sad dignity. "You were not here. I supposed you had gone out to try if the air would serve your head. I was listening for you at the window, when I heard you speak to—whom?"

She had quite forgotten her words. Her only reason for cautioning silence had been that her guests might doubt her headache, after learning she had been out.

So she answered, frankly enough,—

"Sir Geoffrey Damyn."

His eyes flashed, but he said no word.

Ah, Sir Geoffrey Damyn! And he was not to mention their meeting!

He bowed gravely.

"I shall leave you to dress," he said.

He had reached the door.

She ran after him.

"Harold," she cried, impulsively, "you are not angry with me?"

Very lightly his "lips of bearded bloom" brushed those she coaxingly lifted.

"Of course not."

But the seed of suspicion was sown!

CHAPTER XXI.

BY JUPITER!" muttered Geoffrey Damyn.

He had seen many fair women in his day, this *blase* young man, but never one as imperially beautiful as the girl who came down the great black staircase of Castle Silverdale the night of the Braceborough ball.

Quite a little crowd had assembled. They would leave together from here.

The huge hall was brilliantly lighted. The sea-coal fire was big enough and hot enough to roast an ox.

The group, in festal attire, gave to the cathedral-like place a warmth, a glow, a life which was altogether charming.

Like loyal guards awaiting their queen, seemed the two mailed figures of bronze which at either side of the base of the grand stairway, down which Lady Iva came, held aloft cups of crimson flame.

Her first ball! So she was all in white—the airiest, cloudiest of tulle. The fair arms and bosom were bare, but long gloves wrinkled over the elbows of the former—some filmy stuff modestly veiled, while it only half hid the latter.

A spray of ivy leaves partly circled "the massive cable of twisted gold" which crowned her pretty, high-held head. Round her throat was a string of pearls which had been her mother's. Jewels that were fit for a princess royal—purely luminous as prisoned moonlight.

And the face, with all a girl's delight in her first ball, shyness, because, of her first full dress, looking gladly and blushingly from it—how lovely it was! how winsome!—perhaps more than either, how lovable!

The delicate features, the cheeks of soft rose velvet, the brilliant, dark-lash, violet-black eyes, the proud, smiling lips, the gleaming teeth, the pretty serene, yet girlish air.

No wonder Geoffrey Damyn said, "By Jupiter!" under his breath; no wonder Lance Carlyn looked at her with a world of adoration in his bold brown eyes; or that the Earl of Silverdale realized, as he had never quite done before, what a handsome daughter he possessed.

"Behold the belle of the ball!" cried Colonel Harrington, with an elaborate bow.

A snowy-moustache, scarlet coated, gold-laced old warrior, he happened at present to be stationed at Rothlyn to the great delight of his sister, Mrs. Trenworth.

"Ah, poor me!" sighed that lady, who, in fawn brocade and rubies, looked ten years younger than the age which she could honestly claim. "Poor me! I shall be besieged."

For she it was who had promptly agreed to chaperone the Earl's daughter.

"She will not leave them heart-whole long," quoted Lord Rossiter, smilingly.

"Ah, who has she left heart-whole now?" queried Jimmie Talbot, tragically.

She stood blushing and laughing while the hurricane of raillery blew merrily around her.

"Not you, Jimmie, I know."

"Faith it's a true word you speak!" acknowledged Jimmie.

The tone, the words were those of an Irish visitor at the Trenworths, a witty and gallant old gentleman.

When the laughter was over, they donned wraps and prepared to leave.

Languid, cynical, handsome, Sir Geoffrey Damyn rose, looked in Iva's direction.

But young Carlyn was wiser. His eyes sent a swift petition to Mrs. Trenworth.

"The Colonel, Iva and I will drive together," called her jolly voice. "We have room for just one more. Mr. Carlyn, I choose you."

She had liked him since he was a boy in knickerbockers. He was always so brave, so chivalrous, so full of rattling good spirits which were not a form of dare devilism.

She felt fully repaid by the smile of gratitude he flashed her.

Geoffrey Damyn silently fell back.

"Good-bye, little mamma!"

And Iva bent to give her a loving kiss.

"Enjoy yourself, dear."

"I couldn't help it—not if I wanted to," she laughed. "How I wish you were coming!"

Then the doors clanked open, and with jest and laughter they passed out into the waiting carriages, and were driven away.

A most aristocratic club, this Braceborough. An invitation to its annual ball argued the recipient socially irreproachable. And for the present occasion, the members having the affair in charge seemed to have surpassed themselves.

Everywhere were holly and mistletoe—everywhere flags and flowers and lights.

The cream of the county gathered there. Officers from Rothlyn lent color to the scene. A famous London editor, a French dramatist, an American senator, brought their individual prestige to distinguish the event.

And as Colonel Harrington had predicted, the beauty and belle of the night, the most admired, surrounded, sought, was the lovely young daughter of the Earl of Silverdale.

Carlyn was in Paradise. She had given him the first dance, a smile and a rose.

But the second and fifth she danced with Geoffrey Damyn. And, unless when he waltzed with her, that gentleman took no part in the festivity.

He leaned against one of the entrance pillars, and watched her while she floated through the lancers with Jimmie Talbot.

What a picture she was to be sure! how stately for all her lissome girlishness! And how well—how exceedingly well—she would look at his—Sir Geoffrey Damyn's—table!

That was the conjecture which absorbed him, which made him stand so long watching her through his half shut eyes.

Love her?

Something between a moan and a sigh escaped him.

Not as he had loved Marguerite in that bright, brief fairy summer—not like that. But he must not let that wretched affair spoil his whole life. He must take possession of the estates which had accrued to him with his title, do his duty to his tenants, install a wife at picturesque old Sunnyside.

And where could he find one as noble and as fair as Lady Iva Silverdale?

But could she care at all for him?

Ah, that was uncertain!

Living in the same house with her, as he had been for the last couple of weeks, he had found it simply impossible to break down the barriers of mere bright and barren acquaintanceship.

"It is deuceoly hard," the young Baronet decided, "that I should be compelled to attempt my wooing under eyes which are the counterpart of others I have loved. Confound it all! I remember that Marguerite is dead. I come into a room and she—or one sufficiently like her to be her other self—sits before me. And with the shock—for it is always a shock—I fancy she is not dead and buried after all. It's a confoundedly embarrassing position for a fellow to find himself in! Embarrassing? Worse than that. It is most infernally uncomfortable!"

The hours took wings and vanished—literally danced away.

Vainly had Carlyn pleaded for another dance.

"You are to have the last, you know," Iva said.

"Yes; but that will only make two. You have given Damyn as many as that."

"Well," quietly, "why should I not?"

A poser that!

He was glad no answer was necessary,

for just then her partner claimed her.

The night was nearly over, the crowd already thinning.

Soon would the Braceborough ball, with its music, its fleeting feet, its heart burnings and its triumphs, be but a brilliant memory.

Soft and slow uprose, outswelled and sank to softly rise again, the music of the last waltz.

"Now!" Lance Carlyn said.

The moment of his bliss had come.

Up and down, now here, then there, in perfect time perfect tune they swayed and drifted.

"Iva!"

His dark head was bowed till his lips almost touched her hair.

He felt her start. But she did not speak.

He was a bold wooer. He was not easily dismayed.

He spoke again.

"Iva, love!"

"Mr. Carlyn!"

Low and sweet the music pulsed.

"Why should I not say it?" he murmured, fervently. "You are my love—first, last, for ever! Nothing on earth can alter that—nothing in Heaven!"

Oh, the lifting, dreamful music! The fierce tenderness of his words, their young passion thrilled her.

The pale-rose on her cheek deepened to carnation. But her lips faltered.

"I'm not worthy of you, Iva," as they circled smoothly on. "But what fellow is? And I'm not going to lose the white rose above my head because it is too exquisite for me. Have I any chance, sweetheart—any chance at all?"

She did love him—how deeply her own child-heart knew not yet. She was so young, and he might not care for her so much if she were to let him know.

The waltz was almost done. The last bars quivered softly through the room. And she did not want to be engaged to anyone just yet. But she must not answer no!

She lifted to his her flower-sweet face. Her eyes were laughing, but tender, too.

"Perhaps a very tiny little chance!" she said, in a voice of love and coquetry and mischief blended.

His brown eyes kindled.

"It is worth the wide world to me!" he whispered.

The melody died away.

They stood still.

"Hurry, Iva!" cried Mrs. Trenworth, hastening up. "The carriage is waiting. Why, you look as fresh as when we came! Gracious, what pink cheeks! Lance, you audacious boy, whatever have you been saying to her?"

The audacious boy bowed low.

"I've been telling her, he responded, gravely, "that if there is anything which makes the thought of the coming Christmas dear to my heart—if there is anything which makes life something greater and higher than mere existence—if there is anything the blessed season holds for me delightful beyond expression—it is the prospect of unlimited roast turkey and plum-pudding!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"WHAT a night!" said Iva.

She was leaning forward, looking out of the carriage window, as the vehicle rolled on toward the Castle over the frozen roads.

And truly the sleeping world looked divine this "hour before the dawn."

For on either side spread the fields of snow, sparkling like crystal in the moonlight. And the purple air was rarefied, almost sharp, but delicious as wine, to strong, young lungs.

Here and there outgleamed a dim and lonely light in houses where children might awaken or a watcher kept vigil.

"It is heavenly!" Carlyn assented.

For he was returning with them. Mrs. Trendworth would leave him at his place on her way home.

"Like a night in America, where snow is no comparative novelty, I should fancy," declared Mrs. Trenworth. "I know it makes me think of Lowell's lines.

"What are they?" asked her brother, who, old as he was, had literary aspirations and sympathies.

"Listen!" and she quoted them.

"'God makes sech nights all white an' still
For ez ye can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all gliseten.'"

"Thank you!" Lance said, courteously, as she concluded. "I am afraid it isn't night at all now, though; it is morning. Look there!"

And sure enough, away to the east was a faint, shimmering grayness.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. What could be the cause?

They were almost at the southern lodge. Dimly ahead they could see the huge gates.

The driver clambered down.

"Is the man drunk?" questioned the colonel, who, like most old war-horses, was a trifle irascible in the early morning.

The man appeared at the carriage door.

Lance Carlyn pushed down the window.

"Well?"

"Please, sir there's something in the road here, just at the entrance to the demesne."

Lance laughed at the delay.

Why should he not? Had she not said there was hope? A very little tiny bit, to be sure; but was not half a loaf better than no bread?

"What, Jemmy—a snake?"

"No, sir!" indignantly. "A woman!"

A woman!

They looked at each other in dismay. There was a startled silence.

"I'll get out and see. Don't stir, Harrington," said Lance, in a voice of authority.

Iva did not move or speak.

He opened the door, jumped out, walked on ahead with Jemmy.

In an instant he was back.

"Don't be alarmed, but a woman is lying almost perished, a little way ahead—directly before the gates, which are being opened. Jemmy shall drive you through. Colonel, I'm afraid I shall have to ask your assistance.

"Certainly," he assented, rising and getting out.

In the semi-darkness Mrs. Trenworth laid her hand on Iva's. It was trembling.

"Why, dear child, how nervous you are!"

The sweet voice which replied from the shadow had a timid quiver,—

"I don't know why, but I am—somehow—afraid."

Jemmy remounted the box.

They drove on a little further, then turned to the left—rumbled under the enormous iron gates leading to Silverdale Castle.

Just within, directly before the lodge, the vehicle paused.

The lodge-door stood ajar; from its aperture streamed light.

Jemmy laboriously reached earth again and presented himself at the coach casement.

"They've taken the poor creature into Mrs. Morris', ma'am," he said in explanation.

Iva rose.

"Where are you going, dear?"

But the girl disregarded her chaperone's outstretched hand.

"Granny is old and stupid," she said. "I am going in. I may be of some use. Perhaps the woman is dying. I can't keep still!"

"The impulsive child!" thought Mrs. Trendworth.

But she followed her just the same.

They shivered and drew their fur wraps more closely around them as through the biting air they passed up the path to the cottage.

They entered without knocking.

"This way," directed Iva.

Into the parlor on the left they went.

The small room was dimly lit by a single dip candle.

On a rep sofa in the corner lay a dark and quiet figure.

Near it stood Lance Carlyn and the colonel.

Granny Morris, suddenly aroused and still fumbling with her cap-strings, was just coming in.

"What is it?" she questioned.

"A poor creature half frozen at your door, granny." Lance explained. "We are on our way home from the ball. Mrs. Trendworth's coachman discovered her."

"Have you brandy?" asked the colonel. She nodded.

"Bring it—and be quick, please!" he said.

He uncorked the flask presented.

"Lift her head, Carlyn."

And when the younger man had done so, he pressed the clenched teeth apart and poured a goodly dose down.

She moved, lifted her hand to her face—with an effort sat erect.

And now they saw she was an old woman, for her thick hair was silvery. She was clad in a plain stuff dress, black bonnet and shawl.

When the latter slipped from her shoulders, they noticed she was hunchbacked.

The face below the smoothly-banded hair was delicately-featured, dark-skinned, thin and worn. Her eyes were covered by big blue goggles. The nervous little hands were attenuated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCOMMON ACCIDENTS.

A SINGULAR action was tried in Court in March 1888, wherein a widow sued a baker for damages, medical attendance, and loss of time, from the sticking of a pin in her throat. It appeared that the woman purchased a bun at the defendant's shop and went out eating it. When she had got half-way through it, she felt something stick in her throat, and at once went to a house close by and asked for a drink of water; shortly after which the pain became so intense that she went to a doctor, who, after trying various measures for nearly an hour, succeeded in extracting the pin.

The baker's counsel submitted that there was no case of negligence; but the judge, after remarking that it was of course an unfortunate accident for both parties, gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount claimed and costs.

Though this particular accident fortunately did not prove fatal, others of an equally trivial nature have suddenly severed the thread on which the life of man hangs.

In February, 1889, Isabella O'Grady, wife of Frank O'Grady, died of a punctured wound received in the chest. While playing in Eviction, she commenced some knitting while waiting her turn to go on. An actor passed her as she sat in the wings, and in order to allow him to do so, she stooped forward, when the knitting-needle entered her chest. She finished her part; and medical aid was then called but the case was hopeless from the first.

In August 1768, a harvest laborer went into a tavern to refresh himself after his day's work. He called for a pint of ale; but before he had finished it, his throat began to swell, and in about two hours the poor fellow expired in agony. Upon opening his windpipe, it was found that he had swallowed a wasp, which had stung him, causing his death.

A very similar thing happened in 1760 to a horse, belonging to a farmer named William Cross, that had been turned out to grass. In the morning he was in perfect health; but at about five in the evening he was observed to give over feeding; and on examination his neck was found to be considerably swollen. It continued to swell until the fourth day, when he died.

The owner, anxious to know the reason of the animal's death, caused his neck to be cut open, when, to the surprise of several spectators, a large adder was found in the throat, and the parts all round mortified.

About midnight on August 15, 1792, two fishermen belonging to Hull were employed near the Spurn. One of them, named Samuel Sallies, having both his hands occupied in drawing the net, caught the head of a sole, which was endeavoring to escape through a hole in the net, between his teeth—a very common practice among fishermen.

The fish, making an effort, sprung into the man's throat, who, being thereby rendered incapable of crying out to his companion, went towards him and made him sensible by signs of his melancholy situation. His comrade instantly laid hold of the sole's tail; but not being able to extract the body, the man was suffocated very soon after reaching their boat.

The following should serve as an additional warning to those who are in the habit of balancing themselves on their chair at table. An engraver named Wilkins died at Somers Town on the 28th of May 1814, in consequence of having fractured his skull.

He was drinking tea, and, according to his usual practice, balancing himself upon the hinder feet of his chair, when, losing his equilibrium, he fell backward, striking his head upon a marble slab. He was picked up insensible, and died within four days.

Another tea-table accident of an extraordinary nature befell Dr. Hoare, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and Prebendary of Westminster. As the family were seated at their evening meal, one of them moved the table upon his favorite cat, causing the animal such pain that it flew directly at the doctor, wounding him with its claws. The wounds thus caused brought about the doctor's death.

In May 1769, Mr. Amcot, a schoolmaster in Seven Dials, in cutting a quill pen dropped his penknife. He closed his legs to try and catch it, when the penknife pierced his thigh so deeply that it killed him.

In all the cases thus far narrated the cause of death was of the most trifling nature, reminding us forcibly "in the midst of life we are in death."

The thing which an active mind most needs is a purpose and a direction worthy of its activity.

Bric-a-Brac.

HIGH SPEED.—The vulture is credited with a speed of one hundred and fifty miles per hour; the crow, twenty-five miles per hour; the carrier-pigeon, six hundred miles in eight hours.

CORK OAK.—The cork oak grows well in California, and though it is a crop that has to be long waited for, it is a remunerative one when it comes. One tree will sometimes furnish as much as half a ton, and as a pound is sufficient for twelve dozen champagne corks, it is easy to calculate how profitable the yield is. It takes ten years before the cork is thick enough to be of use.

MAN OF STRAW.—The term "man of straw," commonly used to signify a person without means or capital, finds its origin in former days, when a certain class of persons who used to loiter about law courts made their occupation known by placing a straw in their shoes. A lawyer who was in need of a convenient witness knew by this sign that the gentleman's memory could be regulated by a fee, and would take "straw shoes" into court as a "favorable" witness for his client.

THE WHITE HOUSE.—The reason that the President's house at Washington is called the "White House" is that it was painted white after the destruction of the public buildings in that city when the British took it in 1814. The house was built of gray sandstone, and the walls were discolored by smoke from the burning of the woodwork, and the original look of the building could not otherwise be restored than by painting it. The white color, being an object attracting attention, was the origin of the name it received.

THE SHOVELLER DUCK.—The Shoveller-duck takes its name from its shovel-shaped bill, by which characteristic it may be known at a glance. It is a winter visitant to our shores, though not in any great numbers, and breeds not unfrequently in several of the south-eastern counties, as well as more sparingly in the north. It rarely frequents the sea, and is remarkable in the fact that it does not reach down like other ducks to procure its food; it rather filters the water through its bill, retaining the animal matter. It is a foul feeder, swims low, and is admirably fitted for its mode of life.

PETROLEUM AS LAMP OIL.—"Petroleum," says a correspondent, "was known, and even refined, long before it was used in lamps. A Frenchman is said to have spent years in vain endeavors to construct a lamp in which the new oil would burn without smoking. Accident helped him at last. Vexed by failure, he had drained his wine flask—a long-necked, thin bottle, like oil flasks—and set it down on the table so hard as to break the glass bottom. He then chanced to catch it up and hold it over the flame of his smoking lamp. The smoke ceased, and he saw that what he sought was found."

SEWING.—One of the oldest arts in the world is that of sewing. Bone needles have been found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake dwellings, and in the caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by man during the Reindeer Age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle, which was the thickest part, and others were pierced at the larger end. The Swiss lake dwellers used linen thread or bark fibre for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark, as well as from the skins of animals. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendons, and perhaps strings of gut; and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

LOST ARTS.—A recent lecturer on the "Lost Arts," in speaking of malleable glass, tells of a Roman who in the age of Tiberius had been banished, and returned to Rome, bringing a wonderful cup. This cup he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was crushed but not broken by the fall. Although somewhat dented, with a hammer he easily bent it into shape again. It was brilliant, transparent, but not brittle. He further states that the Romans obtained their chemistry from the Arabians, and that they brought it into Spain eight centuries ago. In the books of that age there is a kind of glass spoken of that, if supported by one end, by its own weight in a day's time would dwindle down to a fine line, so that it could be curved around one's wrist like a bracelet.

Go half-way to meet a man and he will go twice that distance with you without a word.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

BY H. CATTERSON SMITH.

Between the lights and shadows
Of a day that's nearly flown,
A girl, unheeding, muses,
With a gladness all her own,
Seeking a happy morrow,
As for flower where seed is sown.

What will the morrow bring her?
Will it be her heart's desire?
Or will Time with kindly hand
Try again the gold in fire?
Inspiring, ah, so lovingly,
The wish for something higher.

I hope between the shadows
That the light of Love may fall,
That it be her heart's desire
To obey her Saviour's call;
To love, as He would have her,
His dear children, one and all.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FINGERS unclosed from round the bottle, and allowed it to slip to its place, and locking the cupboard swiftly, Guildford Berton came back to the table.

"Very well," he said. "Oh, yes, you are all right now."

His face was so pale, so white indeed, and there was so sudden and strange a hoarseness in his voice, that Cyril looked at him with surprise.

"Hallo!" he said quickly. "Do you feel queer?"

"No, no," replied Guildford Berton. "The—the putting your arm in its place—it's rather a ticklish operation, and it upset my nerves a little, that's all."

Cyril looked at him with a feeling rather akin to remorse. After all, this sullen browed individual with the strange repelling manner must be a better sort of fellow than he, Cyril, had thought him.

He held out his hand.

"I've all the more reason to be grateful to you," he said. "And I am. Good-night. I'll come over and report progress to-morrow; but, anyhow, you ought to have been a doctor, you know."

Berton forced a smile, and, taking the lantern, lighted his patient to the gate, and with another good-night and repeated thanks Cyril stepped outside.

The gate dropped to with a dull clang, and Guildford Berton fell against the wall, and, shaking and shuddering, wiped the thick drops of cold sweat from his brow.

"Heaven, it—it was a temptation!" he muttered brokenly. "Another moment and I should have done it!"

He raised his hand as if it were heavy as lead, and shook his clenched fist after his guest.

"Curse you!" he muttered. "Take care—take care!"

* * * * * *

Norah, as Cyril turned away from the hall, passed the earl and Guildford Berton without a word, intending to go to her own room; but the earl stepped aside, and opening the drawing-room door motioned to her to enter with stately courtesy, and, following her, closed the door.

There was a look of haughty displeasure on his face, and his keen eyes regarded her sternly.

"May I trouble you to give me an account of this accident?" he said icily.

Norah raised her eyes.

"It all happened as Mr. Burne said, papa," she answered.

"I prefer to hear it from your own lips," he said.

Norah quietly related the incident; but her voice trembled as she told of her discovery of Cyril's injury.

"He behaved very bravely, papa," she said, her long lashes sweeping her cheeks.

"I have no doubt," he said; "but it did not warrant his taking advantage of your situation. He should have sent her for a carriage for you; but I imagine we must not expect grapes from thistles."

A flush rose to Norah's face.

"I am sorry he has offended you, papa," she said in a low voice. "It was very much my fault——"

She stopped, and her face grew rather pale.

"And he went without a word of thanks," she exclaimed, "as if he had committed a crime instead of doing all he could——"

The earl made a gesture of displeasure.

"Oh, please!" he said. "There is nothing I dislike so much as heroics. No doubt," with the suggestion of a sneer, "you thanked him sufficiently."

Norah's face flamed.

"But I wish to tell you that I do not desire your intimacy with this young man to continue."

Norah started slightly and looked up at him.

If he had treated her with even the semblance of fatherly kindness she would have told him all that had passed between Cyril Burne and herself that night; but his cold words froze her lips.

"I do not approve of him," he concluded, as if that finished the subject.

"But—but why, papa?" she asked in a low voice. "He—he is a gentleman, you said yourself——"

The earl frowned.

"It seems that I was mistaken. No, I could not be mistaken; but one may be a gentleman and yet not a desirable acquaintance. I have heard enough of this Mr. Burne to be convinced that he is not a person to whom I can extend my friendship."

"You have heard!" said Norah wonderingly. "From whom, papa? From Mr. Berton?" and her lips grew tightly compressed.

The earl looked down.

"The name of my informant is of little consequence," he said coldly. "Enough that I am satisfied with the information. Do not let us continue the subject; it is distasteful to me."

Norah stood for a moment, her eyes bent on the ground, then she murmured:

"Good night, papa"

He opened the door for her, making no movement towards kissing her, and she escaped.

Once in her own room, she flung her hat aside, and sinking into a chair hid her face in her hands.

Her heart was beating wildly, but stern as her father's speech and manner had been, its throbs were more of joy than sorrow.

That great crisis which comes in most women's lives had come to hers. A man had told her that he loved her!

Sometimes a girl has to ask her heart the question:

"Do I love him in return?" but Norah, though no words of love had ever been uttered to her before, had no need to ask the question. Love needs no instructor.

The lesson of his presence is ready learned in every woman's breast; and Norah, as she sat with her face hidden, even from her glass, could feel his words singing in her heart.

She sat and thought of him—how handsome he was, how brave, how kind, how good!

Surely, in all the wide, wide world, there was not another man like him. And this best of heroes, who was quick and clever and prompt, who had displayed such courage, hiding his pain from her for so long, loved her!

With the joy of the knowledge there was mixed a thrill of pride that seemed to raise her above all others of her sex.

What could he have seen in her to love? she asked herself again and again. She who was nothing but a simple, ignorant girl, while he was so clever and strong, such a hero among men!

How sweetly he had asked her for her dead rose; how humbly he had bent over her hand! She took her right hand from her face and looked at it, and slowly raising it to her lips kissed it where his lips had touched it.

Did she love him? Why, her love seemed proclaiming itself in every trembling limb. Her heart was full, full of him; his voice rang in her ears. She could feel his kiss upon her hand still.

"Cyril, Cyril!" she murmured unconsciously, and in the stillness of the night the faint breeze outside seemed to echo his name lovingly, caressingly.

Then there flashed upon her mind, too full of her lover to have thought of it before, the remembrance of her father's anger and the words he had spoken. He had forbidden her to continue knowing Cyril Burne; he had learned something. What was it that he had heard? Whatever it was, he must have heard it from Guildford Berton; and as Norah thought of him she suddered faintly with absolute dislike. He had stood there by the door saying nothing, with his dark face sombre and sinister.

Why should he have spoken falsely of Cyril Burne—for that he had spoken falsely she was as certain as that she sat there, with Cyril's kiss burning on her hand.

What should she do? Cyril, when he had told her that he loved her, had asked her not to be angry, but to wait. He would speak to her again.

The warm color suffused her neck and face at the thought. Should she listen to him? Could she disobey her father?

The door opened and Harman came in, and as she proceeded to undress her mistress she cast anxious glances at her. At last she said, as if she could not help herself—

"Oh, my lady, I hope you are not hurt!"

"No," said Norah with a start, for she was lost in thought—half delicious, half painful. "You heard of the accident?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Harman; "one of the grooms was up in the village, and brought down word," and she touched Norah gently and carefully, as if she expected every moment to feel her wince.

"No, I am not even scratched: but I might have been hurt if it had not been for——"

She stopped; she could not speak Cyril's name.

"Yes, I know, my lady," said Harman warmly. "John says that the gentleman risked his life almost, and that it was a wonder he wasn't killed."

Norah winced then.

"Tell—tell me what they say," she said in a low voice. It was delightful to hear of his bravery from another person's lips.

Harman gave the account she had heard from the groom, and dwelt upon Cyril's courage as only a woman can, and Norah listened with bent head, seeming scarcely to breathe.

Harman went at last, but Norah still sat in the low chair thinking, dwelling with joy that was almost painful in its intensity upon every word he had spoken; going back to the first night he had heard his voice on the terrace, the night he had addressed her, all unconscious that she was near, in words of passionate love.

At last she went to bed, but it was hours before she slept; and in her dreams he still bent over her, his handsome face all anxious and troubled on her account—on hers!

When she awoke the next morning it was with the consciousness that someone was in the room, and raising herself on her elbow she saw Becca South standing beside the bed, and looking down at her with a peculiar expression in her black eyes. Then she remembered that she had not locked her door last night.

"Becca," she said.

Becca came nearer and held the curtain back, still looking at her.

"I've come to help you," said. "Aunt's got one of her bad headaches, and can't move this morning. She's very sorry, she says, and begs your ladyship will overlook it."

"Oh, poor Harman!" said Norah sympathetically; "I am so sorry! Please go and tell her that she must not think of getting up, and not to trouble about me in the least"

While Becca was gone Norah got up and found a bottle of eau de Cologne.

"Take this and bathe her forehead, Becca," she said, "and tell her on no account to trouble about me"

Becca went again, and returned presently smelling strongly of the scent. She had poured half of it on her own handkerchief.

"You are very early this morning," Norah said, as the girl brushed out her hair. "Did you sleep in the house last night?"

"No, my lady," replied Becca, dropping her eyes from the glass in which she had been comparing Norah's face with her own. "No, I went home. And I found him in the avenue," she added in a low voice.

Norah looked up with a start. There was no other "him" in the world for her that morning but Cyril.

"Him! Whom?" she asked.

"The painter gentleman, Mr. Burne," said Becca with a nod, as if Norah ought to have understood. "He was very bad."

Norah's face paled.

"Bad?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes," said Becca, taking a long tress in her hand and holding it up to the light, but keeping her eyes fixed on Norah's pale face reflected in the glass. "Yes, he'd fainted."

Norah's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, and an inarticulate sound escaped her lips.

"He was dreadfully hurt. Broke his arm, I think."

Norah half rose, with a wild impulse to go to him there and then; then she sank back.

"Go on," she breathed.

"He was as white as—as you are, my lady," said Becca slowly, "and in dreadful pain. I don't think he'll die, though," she added calmly.

A shudder shook Norah.

"Die!" fell from her lips.

"No, my lady. He was able to walk home after a bit," continued Becca still watching Norah's face.

"Give me—give me my handkerchief, please," said Norah, feeling the girl's eyes upon her, and wishing to gain a moment or two for self control.

Becca fetched the handkerchief.

"I heard that he'd hurt himself stopping the horses," said Becca, "but he didn't say."

"What—what did he say?" asked Norah, thirsting to hear some of the words he had spoken.

Becca waited a moment and fixed her black eyes on the glass intently.

"He said would you meet him at the place where he painted the dog, at five o'clock to-day," she replied.

Norah started, and the hot blood rushed to her face.

For a moment she was silent, her heart throbbing wildly.

"Are you—are you sure that is what Mr. Burne said?" she asked at last in a low voice.

"Yes, quite sure, my lady," responded Becca.

Norah trembled, and her breath came fast.

How could she meet him after her father's prohibition? And yet—yet he was ill, had been injured in saving her!

She got up, and went to the window. The girl's black eyes seemed to follow and trouble her.

"You may go now, Becca," she said, without looking round.

"Yes, my lady," said Becca. "And Mr. Burne, what am I to say to him if I see him?"

Norah turned to her.

"Say nothing. Stay," she added, as if forced to speak the words, "say that I will come—and see the picture," she continued.

"Yes, my lady," said Becca, and noiselessly she left the room.

Norah leant her head against the window frame.

She did not blame Cyril for sending her the message. She knew, instinctively, that it had been wrung from him in a moment of pain, and by his intense longing to see her, and it brought her a joy beyond all words.

Yes, she would go and see him, and tell him that they must be strangers from henceforth—her eyes filled with tears at the thought!—they must part never to meet again.

She finished dressing herself and went downstairs.

The earl was in the breakfast-room, and handed her a note as he bowed her a good-morning.

"From Lady Ferndale," he said. "To inquire after your health after the accident, no doubt," he said. "A groom is waiting."

Norah opened the envelope. It was just the kind of letter which Lady Ferndale would write, full of affectionate anxiety and self-reproach.

"If I had only sent someone with you, dear!" she said. "I would come over this morning—and will if you are the least ill—but my husband has asked some people here early. Still, only say the word!"

But it was the next few lines that made Norah's heart beat and sent the blood to her face.

"And to think that that young man should have acted so nobly! Was I out, Norah, in my estimate? The coachman says that the way Mr. Burne flung himself upon the horses was 'grand,' and I think it is the very best word to describe it. I am longing to see him, and thank him!"

"Well?" said the earl.

Norah hesitated a moment, then laid the letter beside his plate.

He raised it delicately, and held it out to her with a cold smile.

"Pardon me, but I have always entertained the greatest repugnance to pursuing other people's letters," he said. "You had better answer it. Pray do not mind keeping me waiting."

Norah took the letter, and put it in her pocket—those few lines had made it very precious—and going to a writing-table wrote a brief note assuring Lady Ferndale that she, Norah, was quite well and, after a moment's hesitation, she added, "Mr. Burne was badly hurt, I fear."

That was all; and the words read, ah! so coldly.

At times the hours that day seemed to pass all too quickly, at others they dragged their length wearily along.

Norah all day tried to make up her mind what she would say to Cyril, tried even to learn a few sentences that she might repeat them by heart.

A practised flirt, a London belle of even

one season, would have known how to dismiss him gracefully; but Norah was no experienced flirt, but was simply a girl-woman whose heart had been touched for the first time.

At last the great clock chimed half-past four, and with Casper at her heels she started for the woods.

Her heart beat faster as she approached the glade where she was to meet Cyril, and she paused and waited for a moment or two to try and quiet its beating.

Then she went on amongst the great trees flecked with the golden sunlight, and presently she put aside the leaves of a huge rhododendron, and stood before him.

Cyril had fixed his easel, and was trying to paint.

She saw that his left arm was in a sling, and the sight recalled everything that had occurred on the preceding evening, and a great wave of tenderness passed over her heart.

She stood for a moment unobserved by him, then he took out his watch and with a sigh of impatience, turned his head and saw her, in all her loveliness, framed by the dark green leaves.

He sprang to his feet and came towards her, then stopped, his eyes, full of the passion that burnt in his heart, fixed on her face; and so they stood speechless as far as words go.

He was the first to speak.

"You have come!" he said in a low voice, and he held out his hand.

She put hers into it, and it was imprisoned in his eager grasp.

"Yes, I have come," she said, her eyes downcast, the color flitting over her beautiful face.

Something in her tone disarmed him, and he dropped her hand.

"Are you angry with me for sending you the message, for asking you?" he said.

"No," she replied, 'Oh, no, no! But ——" she stopped.

"It was wrong—I know!" he said. "I felt it when I had got home and thought of it; but—ah! I wanted to see you, soon, at once, and I did not know how ——"

"I am glad you sent to me," she said, so simply, so sweetly, that he could have gone on his knees to her. "You are painting; will you—will you please go on?" she faltered.

He understood her. She could talk with less restraint if he worked.

He sat down before the easel, and took up his brush and palette, which he managed to hold in the finger and thumb of his left hand, and painted blindly for a minute or two; then he turned to her as she stood beside him, her hands loosely clasped.

"My I speak now, Lady Norah? I have been counting the hours since I left you last night. I have so longed to see you—to tell you—ah, you know! What can I say but that I love you!"

Norah's hands clasped tightly, and her breath came and went fitfully.

"It broke from me last night, when I should not have spoken," he went on in a low voice that trembled with eagerness and rang earnestly with the true ring of pure whole souled love. "I ought not to have spoken then, but—I could not help it; and now you know it, what will you say to it?"

He rose, but with a slight gesture she motioned him to his seat, and he sat down again, obeying her, and bent towards her, the sunlight falling on his shapely head and handsome face.

"Were you angry with me last night? Are you angry now? Have you come to tell me that I was presumptuous—ah, don't speak yet," for her lips had moved, though no words had come. "Do you think that I have not thought over it all during the long hours I have lain awake? Lady Norah, you cannot feel more acutely than I do how unworthy I am that you should cast a thought to me."

Her lips formed a "No," but he went on, his voice scarcely above a whisper, his eyes speaking with more eloquent, pleading, than his lips.

"You are the daughter of an earl, and I —" he motioned to the easel with his brush, "I am a poor painter: one the world—the world to which you belong—regards very much beneath you. And it is right. But a poor painter may have a heart, and I have given mine to you! I lay it at your feet, Lady Norah! It is yours to do what you will with—to accept or refuse it."

He stopped to control his voice, which his passion had rendered hurried and broken.

"I can only say I love you, I love you! I have loved you——"

He stopped, and then went on, his voice low and dreamy, as if he were speaking from his heart to hers.

"Do you remember the evening you came to the Court? As your carriage drove in through the gates I stood there and saw you, and—ah! believe me—the moment I saw you my heart leapt. It seemed to cry out, 'I love you!' I did not know who you were, but you were the one woman in all the world for me from that moment, you will be the one woman until I die."

There were tears in her eyes, though she tried to force them back, and she put up one hand and covered her eyes for a moment, but she stood silent, and otherwise motionless.

"It was no passing fancy," he went on. "All that evening I could not forget you; and at night I stole to the great house that I might be near you. And I heard you!" he said, his voice scarcely audible; "almost as if in answer to my prayer you came out on the terrace and spoke, not to me—ah, no, I know!—but you seemed to speak to me. All my life has changed since that moment, for you have taken possession of it. I think of you all day, your face flits between me and the canvas, I hear your voice——"

He paused.

"Lady Norah, what will you say to me? Will you let me go on loving you—ah, you cannot help that, I must love you!—but will you try and love me a little in return?"

Norah's face grew almost white with the struggle that was rending her heart; the struggle between the desire to answer, "I love you already," and the desire to obey her father.

He looked at her, and his own face was pale beneath its tan.

"Is it so impossible?" he murmured, and the entreaty, the anxiety in his eyes almost overcame her.

"I—I cannot," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "The earl, my father——"

She could get no farther.

Cyril started slightly.

"The earl," he said, "your father, does not like me?"

She was silent, and he sat for a moment looking on the ground.

"He has forbidden you to know me—speak to me?"

"Yes," she said painfully. "I am—sorry—" her lips trembled, and she could not continue.

"Why?" he said. Ah, I know! I had forgotten—forgive me—the difference between us; but he has not forgotten. You are the daughter of an earl, and I——"

He broke off, for she had turned to him at last, a look of entreaty on her face.

"I do not think of that!" she said, almost inaudibly.

He rose and stood beside her, all his soul in his eyes.

"Ah, how can I help loving you?" he exclaimed. "You do not think of that! No! And, if—suppose that some day I could overcome the earl's dislike to me; suppose some day that I could induce him to consent——"

He saw the color rise to her face, saw the light glowing in her beautiful eyes, and the restraint he had put upon himself gave way.

"Norah," he said in a low voice, "it is not for him to dispose of our lives. Give me your answer! Will you let me love you? Will you try and love me in return? Will you be my wife?"

"It is impossible," she faltered, as if the words cost her an almost superhuman effort.

He stood still, his eyes bent on the ground, fighting for self-control, fighting down the passion that threatened to master him; then he sank down on the seat again.

Norah did not dare to look at him, and with a whispered "Good-bye" was turning to leave him, when a brush slipped from the front of the easel.

He stooped to pick it up, forgetting his injured arm, but Norah bent and got it, and was placing it on the easel when he caught her hand and looked up at her.

"Ah," he said, "I cannot let you go without some word less hard, less cruel than that!"

CHAPTER XV.

SHE HAD WITHSTOOD his pleading voice, though every note of it had found an echo in her heart, but she could not withstand the touch of his hand. As he looked up at her he saw her face change, a wave of passionate tenderness seemed to pass over it, her lips quivered, and with a gesture as if she were obeying an irresistible impulse she held out her other hand to him, and seeing that he could not take both she let it fall with the simple eloquence of love upon his arm.

"You love me," he murmured, "Norah?"

She met his ardent gaze with her frank trustful one, and steadily, though her face crimsoned,

"Yes—I love you!" she whispered.

He put his arm round her, and drew her towards him, passionately yet reverently.

"My darling, my queen!" his voice seemed to sing. "In spite of all, you love me! Oh, my darling, if you knew how full of love my heart is, how happy——"

He broke off, and raising her hand kissed it passionately, tenderly, then as her head fell upon his shoulder he pressed his lips to hers.

Norah did not shrink, but her face grew pale, for it was the first time a kiss of love such as Cyril's had touched her lips, and she trembled.

"Give me one kiss in return!" he pleaded, and after a moment's pause she touched his cheek.

Casper, lying beside them in the bracken, watched them sleepily, the great trees above them turned the gentle breeze into a song of love, the sunlight fell upon them like a benediction, and all nature seemed to be standing by, witnessing and approving the compact of their young and loving hearts.

To Norah as she knelt with his arm around her, her head upon his shoulder, earth seemed to have become transformed into Paradise. She had not loved till this moment, she had not known what love meant—but now!

Cyril was the first to speak, and it was almost like sacrilege to break the heavenly silence, to snap the spell of enchantment which their happiness had woven round them.

"Do you know what you have done?" he asked her with mock gravity as he kissed the red-gold hair that brushed his cheek.

Norah started slightly, as if awaking from a dream, and stroking his hand with a caressing movement looked up at him with a smile, half shy, half grave.

"What is it that I have done?"

"Plighted your troth—you, the Lady Norah Arrowdale—to a worthless, poverty-stricken artist," he said, but there was the shadow of a smile in his eyes, and the tone of his voice was not so solemn as the words.

"Not worthless," she murmured, her eyes bent on his hand.

"Not altogether, if you have found something worthy, dearest!" he said. "But a poor and struggling man, any way. And you are not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she echoed.

"Afraid of what the world—the earl—will say?"

She raised her eyes to his.

"Why should I care what the world says—and my father——" She stopped, but her lovely eyes were full of courage. "He may be angry, but he cannot separate us."

The tone in which the words were spoken thrilled him, and he kissed her reverently.

"My brave darling," he said in a low voice. "No, no one on earth shall separate us now that you have said you love me. No one! As for the earl,"—he paused a moment, as if he were struggling with a desire to say something and were keeping it back—"well, even he may in time give his consent. Listen, dearest: I am a poor and struggling artist now, but I may win the good fight, may win a name which, though it will never be worthy your acceptance, may make me seem less unworthy in your father's eyes."

She listened with an interest, a delightful feeling that his life belonged to her, the feeling which brings so great a joy to the heart of the woman who has just received the avowal of her lover's love. The slightest, most trivial thing in his life would be hers to share with him now!

"Yes, you will be famous," she murmured with sweet confidence, and again her tone thrilled through him.

"Tell me so often enough," he responded, "and I shall be, Norah, now that I have won your love, now that it is for you I work"—he drew the letter from Jack Wesley from his pocket and gave it to her—"see, dearest, here is the beginning. I cared very little about it before to-day, but now I welcome it. It is an earnest of the success that your love will bring me."

Norah read the short note, and he told her something of the man who had written it.

"The best friend a man ever had," he said warmly; "and he will rejoice in my joy."

"Your friend," she murmured. "He shall be mine too, if he will. I shall love him for your sake, Cyril."

He heard the name from her lips for the first time, though she had called him by it in her thoughts often enough.

"Dear old Jack," he said. "Yes, he will be glad. And, Norah, you have no regrets; you will not mind when your great friends tell you that you have thrown yourself away? That you, a peer's daughter, have acted unwisely in loving an artist!"

He looked into her eyes with a strange earnestness, and with the same shadow of a smile upon his handsome face.

Norah touched his hand with her lips as she thought how great, how noble, how altogether perfect he was to her.

"No one will say that who knows you," she said simply. "And those who do not—Ah, why do you ask me? You know, you know!"

"Yes, I know," he echoed, with a long breath of delight and joy; "and the knowledge makes my happiness all the greater. I have won you without the aid of a title or wealth or fame, Norah, you cannot guess, not even you, how sweet the knowledge is to me!" and he threw back his head as if he found some mysterious satisfaction in the thought. "Some day, when you and I are together in the world, and you are surrounded by men of title, your equals in rank, I shall say to myself, 'She might have chosen from among these, but she chose me, untitled, poor, unknown.'"

Norah gazed at him thoughtfully.

"I have never thought of these things," she said. "I care nothing for rank. Why, it is only a short time ago that I knew I was the daughter of an earl, and"—she smiled—"the knowledge has not made me any the happier. It would have made no difference to me if you had been noble—I mean titled, if—if I had not loved you."

She breathed the last words almost inaudibly.

"Then you would leave the Court and be my wife, and live with me in some little cottage and be content?" he asked fervently, holding her face in his hands with a tender caress.

"Content!" she echoed softly. "Is that the word?"

"I may try you some day, dearest, and yet——"

He paused, and she regarded him, waiting for him to finish. But he did not; instead, he seemed to thrust the thought from him, whatever it was.

"No," he said, "let me enjoy the delight of feeling that you love me for myself alone, that your love is strong enough to make a sacrifice for me."

"What sacrifice can I make for you?" she said slowly, as if she would have liked to have it in her power to do so.

He was silent for a moment, as if thinking deeply; then he said:

"Norah!"

She turned her eyes upod him with that rapt devotion which is love's sign.

"Will you think it strange if I ask you to keep our engagement a secret for the present?"

She did not remove her lovely eyes from his face.

"I will do everything you wish," she said simply. "Whatever you wish will be good to me, Cyril! Why should we tell anyone?"

She stopped as she remembered her father.

"See, dearest," he said, "I ought to go to the earl this evening and tell him all, but I know what would follow. He would refuse to give you to me—and little wonder!—and would forbid me to see you."

Her face went pale, and her hand closed upon his as if to protest against the mere suggestion of such a terrible calamity.

"He would say that I had taken advantage of your ignorance of the world and won your heart before you had a chance of seeing other men more worthy than I am. And what could I say? Dearest, it is so true. Now let me tell you all that is in my mind."

"Tell me everything," she said in a low voice, pressing his hand.

Cyril returned the pressure lovingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A NEW feature in prison discipline," writes an Elmira (N. Y.) correspondent, "was inaugurated at the Reformatory recently, when one of the finest and most complete gymnasiums in the State was opened. The gymnasium is in a separate building, 140 feet long and 100 feet wide. It is equipped with all the most approved apparatus for physical culture, with Russian and Turkish baths attached, and is in every respect a model. The Reformatory has instituted many new features in prison discipline, and the erection of this elegant structure is the evolution of Superintendent Brockway's idea that to develop the mind one must develop the body."

IF thou wouldest disarm sin, resist its first motions.

TO NATURE.

BY SUSANNA J.

Each Spring thy shining buttercups unfold—
Through all the years they vary not in hue;
Thy violets have their fragrance as of old—
Their faithful blue.

Still are thy cowslip blossoms meekly bowed;
Thy wilding rose displays its golden heart;
Thy clinging woodbine grows not stiff and proud
To stand apart.

Beside the stream awakes the dragon-fly,
Poised like a living jewel in the light,
Or in his gorgeous armor flashing by
Too swift for sight.

Such were thy beauties in Creation's prime;
And still, though all unchanging, they are new,
May we, O Nature, simple or sublime,
Like thee, be true!

Prince Charming.

BY A. G. E.

"YOU OUGHT to be ashamed of yourself, Gwendolen!"

Mrs. John Walters spoke with considerable emphasis; but without producing any visible effect on the smiling face which Gwendolen turned to her from the window.

"And why ought I to be ashamed of myself, Sylvia?" she replied good-humoredly. "When a person is very much bored in dull London lodgings, may not that person take her painting to the window and make a study of the bricks and mortar on the opposite side of the street? I assure you, Sylvia, that, when it is finished—if it ever is finished—it will be a most original thing in studies."

"I tell you, Gwen," repeated Mrs. Walters—ignoring the explanation—"that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You know you don't care a bit to make a study of bricks and mortar any more than I do myself. You only want a real good excuse for standing there the whole morning and looking across the street at the opposite house."

"I confess," replied Gwen, with the same imperturable smile, "that you have fathomed my motive; but I am not in the least ashamed of myself. You see, unless I were to dress up as a housemaid, I could not stand at the window for more than a quarter of an hour without some respectable pretence.

"I think the ingenuity of mine reflects credit on my inventive powers; and I don't really see why you should try to lecture me because I am interested in a handsome Prince Charming who lives over the way. A couple of years ago, before you married, I guess you would have been capable of something quite as reprehensible. You were nineteen then, and I am barely twenty now. If you flirted, as you know you did——"

"That is neither here nor there, Gwen," interrupted Mrs. Walters, with slightly heightened color. "I may have done silly things in my time; but there was always some one to keep me in order. I am not so particular with you as mother and Aunt Lucy were with me."

"Mother and Aunt Lucy!" echoed Gwen, contemptuously. "You don't mean to say you are going to take on the tone of a middle-aged woman? I wouldn't be middle-aged just yet, if I were you. I thought at first, when I told you about Prince Charming across the street, and how eagerly he watched us once or twice, that you were going to be quite as much amused by it as I am; when suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, you draw in your horns, and have a violent attack of propriety."

"Gwendolen," said Mrs. Walters, "you know quite well I did not encourage you. You know I have scarcely seen the man."

"Well, you had better come to the window and look at him now," said Gwen, with the same unruffled equanimity. "He is at the window for the twentieth time, I should think. Oh, dear"—and Gwen sighed—"to think that we are only separated by a few yards of street! How wide is a street, Sylvia? I haven't a notion. What a pity there is no mutual friend who could bridge it over by an introduction!"

"Gwen," said Sylvia, making a sudden attempt to turn the conversation, "don't you think to-day we might go and buy those things I want for the drawing-room? We have scarcely done any shopping yet."

"Shopping!" ejaculated Gwen; "shopping has no interest left for me. What is the use of going to Liberty's and choosing pretty things for a drawing-room in an out-of-the-way Cornish village, where no one knows one fashion from another? It is perfectly preposterous."

And Gwendolen heaved another sigh.

"Poor Gwen!" said Sylvia, looking at her sister with affectionate concern. "I am afraid your life is rather a dull one just at present."

"You're afraid!" re-echoed Gwen. "Indeed, there is no doubt at all upon the subject. Nevertheless, I am not the person to be pitied the most. I'm not absolutely obliged to live year out year in at Saint Pinnock, nor to come to these dull London lodgings. My lord and Master is a dream of the future, a castle in the air, a lay figure on which to hang all my ideals; not a grizzly-bearded personage, who buries you and himself at the remotest corner of No-man's-land, and who only comes to town to burrow in the library of the British Museum. No, you needn't call me 'poor Gwen!' it would be more to the purpose if you would call yourself 'poor Sylvia!'"

"Really, Gwendolen——" began Mrs. Walters; but her expostulation was nipped in the bud.

"Don't interrupt me," continued Gwen. "I have opened my lips for the first time on this subject, and I mean to say one or two things before I close them. I want to ask you a plain, straightforward question. Why did you marry Mr. Walters?"

"I married him," replied Sylvia, with a ring of defiance in her voice, "because he asked me to do so."

"And that," replied Gwendolen, "is not a reason worth giving. If any one had told me two years ago that Mr. Walters was going to ask you to marry him, I should have imagined you dropping him a curtsey, and refusing him in these words: 'Honored sir, a woman, not to say a girl of nineteen, may not marry her grandfather, besides which, the chances of family jars will be much increased if I accept an offer from my aunt's brother-in-law.' Oh, Sylvia!" and here Gwen sighed once more. "I think you made a mistake. It has always seemed to me that you were not quite yourself when you accepted Mr. Walters. You might as well confess to your only sister that you consider you were a little over hasty."

"Gwen!" cried Sylvia, angrily, "how dare you! Why should I regret what I did? You often say that you never saw any one so kind to his wife as Mr. Walters is to me. I only hope that you may be as fortunate yourself when you realise your ideal. Moreover, mother approved of what I did. You know it was a great comfort on her deathbed to feel that I was provided for, and that my husband's house could be your home."

"That is begging the question," rejoined Sylvia, obstinately. "I am not referring to Mr. Walters's conduct since your marriage, but to your own before it. I merely want to hear the story of how, and why, you fell in love with your husband. His learning and his peaceful disposition are his striking qualities, and you are not the girl to be fascinated by either one or the other."

"Love is not a matter of hard-and-fast rules," replied Sylvia. "People may fall in love without knowing why."

"I don't think so. There must be some attraction. If I could see any for myself I should not ask you. For instance, if I bestowed my affections on our opposite neighbor, the reason would be self-evident. I should need no justification."

"Shouldn't you? Well, I should think a young woman who handed her heart out of the window to a young man with whom she had never exchanged a word, would need a good deal of justification."

"Nay," said Gwen, smiling, "it would just be love at first sight. Now let us suppose, for a moment, that Mr. Walters was like Prince Charming."

"I shall not suppose anything of the sort," interrupted Mrs. Walters, with an angry flash. "Nor will I hear any more of this kind of talk. It is utterly purposeless, and shows very little consideration for my feelings."

"I'm sorry," said Gwen, penitently, "if I have vexed you. It never seemed to me as if you could care what one said; but I will say no more about Mr. Walters, anyway. But there is one thing which I did want to say about Prince Charming—how I wish I knew his real name!—which is that I am sure I have seen him before. Does it strike you in the same light?"

But Sylvia shook her head.

"I've barely see him now," she said, bending over her work. "I caught sight of a smart young man; but their name is legion, and they are all much alike."

"I beg your pardon, Sylvia; but you are very much mistaken if you think our opposite neighbor is just a stereotyped young man of fashion. If you haven't seen him before, I'm sure I have—only seen him, you know; not made his acquaintance. I must try to remember where. We went knocking about so much in the old days that it is difficult to recall such things."

"Gwendolen," answered Mrs. Walters, trying to make her fair young face as severely matronly as she felt she ought to make it, "I must beg of you to talk no more of the man who lives opposite. I tell you I will not countenance your trying to get up a flirtation across the street. I am seriously in earnest about it. If Mr. Walters knew he would be extremely annoyed."

"Would he?" cried Gwen, demurely. "Well, if you tell him, mind you mention the fact that Prince Charming's demonstrations have not gone beyond the limits of curiosity. He hasn't done anything to which the primmest of people could raise an objection. He is merely almost a fixture at his window."

And then Miss Gwendolen Rivers went back to her easel, and Mrs. Walters then began to look deeply engrossed in the shading of her embroidery silks; but it was a long time before she could decide whether she was looking at terra-cotta or cardinal red.

Perhaps Gwen monopolized too much of the scant allowance of London daylight.

"Sylvia," said Gwen that night, as they went to their rooms, "just come in here for a moment. I've thought it all out about Prince Charming. I've been puzzling over it all the evening. Didn't you notice how quiet I was? Now don't look impatient; you must listen. It's quite interesting, and there is nothing to scold me for."

"Well, Gwen, to speak frankly, I am quite tired of this romancing about our opposite neighbor. You talk of nothing else."

"There's nothing else half so interesting to talk of," retorted saucy Gwen. "You pretend to be bored just to tease me. But you will just listen to this. Do you remember going to Boulogne with mother? Let me see; it was two years ago last June. I was at school at Miss Parkinson's, and I was so jealous of your having such a nice jaunt. Then mother wrote to say that Boulogne didn't agree with you at all, and that ou were going with Aunt Lucy down into Cornwall, and that I could be with her instead of you. I thought it was awful fun, though it seemed a pity you had knocked up, and couldn't stay and have your share of it. That was when and where I saw Prince Charming; he was staying at Boulogne, too, and we used to see him at the Etablissement. He was not quite so handsome then as he is now; but I took the greatest interest in him. I even have remembered his name. It is Harvey Ferrier. We did not know him. Mother had one of her prejudices against him, so you would not have known him either; but perhaps you noticed him somewhere about. Do you remember?"

"I really can't tell you; perhaps I did."

"No wonder you can't recollect," laughed Gwendolen, "considering you went straight off to Saint Pinnock, and bewitched that confirmed old bachelor, Mr. Walters. I think, myself, it would have been more romantic to have stayed at Boulogne and have bewitched Prince Charming."

Mrs. Walters suppressed a yawn, and then got up from the easy-chair.

"So now you are satisfied," she said, kissing her sister. "Good-night; I am going to bed."

"Good-night, dear. You look pale and tired. London doesn't suit you. Make haste and get to rest."

But when Sylvia had lain down she did not go to sleep.

She buried her face in her pillow and cried quietly until the September dawn was struggling in through the chink of the shutters.

* * * * * * * *

"Miss Rivers, sir? Yes, sir. She is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Walters—first-floor front. Shall I take up your card, sir?"

The name on the card was Harvey Ferrier, Southdownshire Regiment; and Prince Charming who had handed it to the lodging-house boy in brass buttons, found himself following boy and card up the stairs to the first-floor front with a heart beating so loud and fast that he could not hear the sound of his own feet as he went.

When the door of the drawing-room was opened, he found himself in the presence of a middle-aged man with a kind, grave face, looking out from under a shock of grizzled hair, and whose whole appearance formed the strongest contrast with that of his visitor.

Prince Charming looked a little puzzled. So did Mr. Walters.

The name on the card suggested nothing at all to the man of letters. He bowed to his caller, and asked him to sit down.

"I beg your pardon, sir," began Prince Charming. "I took the liberty of sending up the card you hold to Miss Rivers."

Mr. Walters glanced again from the visitor to his card; but he still looked puzzled.

"Miss Rivers," he said slowly, at last, "is staying here under my care. She is a very near connection of mine—in fact, Mr. Ferrier——"

"I see," broke in Mr. Ferrier, hurriedly—"I see. Of course, if that is the case, I must ask you to be so kind as to listen to me while I explain the reason of my visit. Perhaps it will be better that I should have seen you first, as I am aware I am doing something a little startling."

Mr. Walters bowed again. His manner was solemn, but not unkindly, and his visitor was far too sanguine to be easily repelled.

"I will not make any unnecessary preamble," said Prince Charming; "I am not clever at beating about the bush. It is just this. About two years ago, at Boulogne, where Miss Rivers was staying with her mother, I fell desperately in love with her——"

"Just when I fell in love with Sylvia," mused Mr. Walters; and he felt very sympathetic.

"I was horribly badly off," pursued Prince Charming, "so Lady Rivers thought I acted dishonorably in telling her daughter the state of my feelings. She was excessively angry, and I made a great fool of myself. The fact was, we were both very fond of one another, and so unhappy."

"Poor young things!" said Mrs. Walters, feelingly; then as he thought of light-hearted Gwendolen, he added: "But she has got over it wonderfully."

"Outwardly, perhaps," replied Prince Charming. "I thought myself, when I caught sight of her from the house opposite, where I am just now in rooms, that she looked much older, and more worn. But maybe the distance deceived me. However, I am sure she will not have forgotten. Look at me; you wouldn't think I have suffered serious heart troubles. Yet I have never left off thinking of her, and hoping for her."

"Really," said Mr. Walters, with a serious smile. "But if you could not afford to marry then, is it any use your thinking of renewing your courtship now?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied Ferrier, sturdily. "I am in a better position now; I have got out of all my difficulties; I've settled down into being the steadiest of men—all for love of her. I have a good appointment at Chatham. Lady Rivers could no longer refuse me on the grounds she formerly urged. I had, in spite of all my efforts, quite lost sight of Miss Rivers, until I saw her by chance here. May I beg of you to put me in communication with Lady Rivers at once?"

"Lady Rivers," answered Mr. Walters, "is dead. The young lady is now my ward; but in this matter I shall use no coercive authority. It will rest, no doubt greatly to your satisfaction, entirely with her to give you your answer."

Ferrier rose, trembling with unexpected delight, and held out his hand to the man who spoke such words of comfort.

"She is in the next room," went on Mr. Walters, kindly. "I will call her."

"No, no," interposed Prince Charming, hastily. "If you would kindly allow me to call her myself. She has seen me across the street. The surprise will not come upon her with too much of a shock."

"By all means," said Mr. Walters, obligingly. "Open the folding door, draw back the portiere, and you will find her."

Meanwhile, he obligingly turned his back, and walked to the window, that he might not be in the way of this constant lover's welcome back to giddy-headed, good-hearted Gwendolen.

Then Ferrier went to the door, and, opening it softly, called in a tone scarcely above a whisper:

"Sylvia! Sylvia!"

There was a lady painting at an easel, but she did not answer.

"Sylvia, darling, don't you see I have come back to you?"

This did not reach Mr. Walter's ears. But he did hear a bitter cry, as if of pain, and then a sound of stifled sobs; it was a strange greeting to pass between long-severed, still-hopeful lovers.

He stood patiently drumming on the window for a while, until he heard a hasty rush of feet across the landing and down the stairs.

The heavy front door opened with a jerk and closed with a bang, and he saw his late visitor, with a pale, stricken face, hur-

ry across the street and enter the house opposite.

Then he thought the best thing he could do was to take his hat and go to the British Museum without disturbing the ladies.

"I'm so extremely sorry," he said that evening, at dinner, glancing from his wife, who had evidently been crying, to Gwen, who was quieter than usual, "I'm really very sorry that Gwen had not a kinder welcome to give to her old friend. He seemed to me a good sort of man, and I was very much interested in what he told me of his love-storry. He was so sure that you would be glad to see him. Can't you think it over a little, Gwen, and give him a different answer to-morrow? I really liked him. I'd go and call on him with pleasure. Shall I, Gwen? Will you not let him come again, Gwen?"

"He didn't come for Gwen at all," sobbed out Sylvia, desperately. "I ought to have told you about it, only I didn't like to. Gwen would not have thrown him over if she had made all the promises I did."

Mr. Walters looked again from Sylvia to Gwen, and from Gwen to Sylvia.

"How terribly sad!" he murmured. "Perhaps she regrets."

"Perhaps she does," said Gwen; "but it is a great deal worse for Prince Charming. Poor Prince Charming!"

The Doctor's Experiment.

BY A. F. F.

TOWARDS THE middle of the fourteenth century there suddenly appeared in Florence, Italy, a personage calling himself Dr. Attrapeccini. Whence he came no one knew. His name indicated an Italian origin, but from his accent in speaking one would have supposed him to be German, while his long beard, grave expression, and majestic bearing seemed suggestive of the Orient.

Certain manuscripts, indeed, declare him to have been a native of Gascony, but the authenticity of these manuscripts has not been proved.

Whatever might be his nationality, however, the doctor had no sooner arrived in Florence than he caused to be announced, with a grand flourish of trumpets, cornet, and drum, that on Tuesday, the first of May, at precisely six o'clock in the morning, he would repair to the city's cemetery and there restore to life five persons of his own choosing.

The commotion excited by this news may easily be imagined; nothing was talked of in all Florence but the illustrious stranger.

Some persons believed him to be a magician; others, a quack; and all pronounced him a bold man.

He certainly displayed some degree of boldness in promising to resuscitate five corpses.

At last the excitement grew so intense that the podestat, or chief magistrate of Florence, resolved to send for Dr. Attrapeccini and demand an explanation.

A man who was able to restore five dead persons to life could have no difficulty in guessing what was passing in the mind of a podestat, and, accordingly, the magistrate was about to strike his gong to summon an usher, when the doctor himself was announced.

"You come just in time, doctor," said the magistrate; "I was about to send for your."

"I knew it, my lord, and wished to anticipate your orders," was the reply, uttered in a calm tone that filled the podestat with amazement.

He recovered himself, however, and was going to interrogate the new comer, when the latter exclaimed:

"I understand, my lord, that some of your people here have doubts of my science and even my honesty—in short, that I am suspected of coming to Florence for the purpose of making dupes."

"Something of that kind has been intimated," replied the magistrate.

"They say, moreover," continued Dr. Attrapeccini, "that I intend to decamp a day or two before the first of May."

"That also has been said," assented the podestat.

"You can understand," said the stranger, slowly, "that I owe it to myself to put an end to these reports. I have come to request of you that a guard of ten, twenty, or thirty, or more men be stationed round my house, so as to make it impossible for me to leave Florence before releasing from their tombs five persons, as I have promised. You cannot say that my request is an unreasonable one, since you had determined before seeing me to have me watched."

The magistrate's surprise was increased by these words, for he saw that the man before him was an extraordinary being, reading minds as one would read an open book.

Partly out of curiosity, and partly as a matter of official duty, the magistrate had made up his mind to put the mysterious doctor under police surveillance, but as he had not acquainted any one (not even his wife) with his resolution, he had cause for being astonished at finding that Attrapeccini was already aware of it.

"Your request is granted," he said. "I shall have your house guarded night and day by twenty men, until the time comes for you to fulfill your promise, or until you change your mind, and acknowledge you were not in earnest. It would perhaps be wiser for you to leave the city at once; believe me, it is not safe to put a whole town in commotion. I know the Florentines, and I believe them to be capable of falling upon you in fury, perhaps of hanging you, when they find that they have been mocked at and tricked. The least serious mishap that could befall you would be a sojourn of several months in prison while you waited for the public indignation to subside."

"I should deserve even more severe treatment if I should fail to carry out my programme," said the doctor, and bowing low to the magistrate he went towards the door, but turned back again to say: "It wants two weeks to the first of May. Science does not protect me from every human weakness, for like every one else I become lonely if left entirely by myself, and I feel the need of distractions. I beg you to order your guards to grant admission to any one who may wish to visit me."

"I see no objection to that," replied the magistrate; "any one who wishes it may go into your house, but you will not be allowed to leave it except to go to the cemetery on the day fixed."

"That is all I ask," said Attrapeccini, and he had no sooner returned home than a body of picked guards, armed with halberds and rapiers, surrounded the house, and kept the strictest watch.

The doctor's interview with the magistrate was soon known all over Florence, and the news of it served to increase the popular interest and confidence in the stranger.

A week before the first of May a man about forty years old and dressed completely in black entered the doctor's study. He was the Senator Arczzo, celebrated for the violent grief he had displayed on the death of his wife six months before.

"Signor Attrapeccini," said he, briskly, "I do not wish to waste words. Although what you promise is generally considered impossible, I admit that it may not be so, and I have come here to beg you to leave my wife at rest in the cemetery."

"What!" exclaimed the man of science with a laugh; and the widower repeated his own words earnestly.

"I beg of you!" he cried; "I am about to marry again—the banns will be published next month. You would not like to put a man in such a predicament, would you?"

As he spoke, he placed a purse full of gold on the table.

"Set your mind at rest," said the doctor "and continue the preparation for your wedding."

The next day he received a visit from Philippini, the most famous physician of Florence, and, indeed, of all Tuscany; out of every hundred Florentines at least eighty were at one time or another in his care.

At that epoch every physician was looked upon more or less as a sorcerer and necromancer, and although Philippini knew that he himself was not either, he could not assert positively that Attrapeccini was not, and being a man who believed in taking no risks, he was filled with anxiety at hearing of the stranger's air of calm assurance.

What would be the result if some of his own deceased patients were raised from their tombs? Might not their first words be complaints against the physician who had caused or permitted their death? Philippini shuddered as he thought of the possibility.

"Learned and honored brother," said he to Attrapeccini, "I trust that you would not do me the injury of bringing back to the light of day any of the unfortunate people who have chanced to pass away while in my hands."

"Certainly not," replied the other; 'just give me the names of the persons you mean."

"That would be a very difficult matter," said Philippini; "would it not be more simple for you to exclude from your ceremony all my former patients?" and with these words he laid on the table a heap of gold coins.

"It shall certainly be as you wish, my dear brother," said the foreign physician.

The door had hardly closed upon Philippini when it was opened again to admit two brothers named Gavazza.

The Duke Pierre Gavazza and his brother, the Marquess Paul, had risen, partly by their own merits and partly by good luck, to the first rank in the Italian nobility, but their journey had been long and difficult, as their father had been a miller.

It was this miller whom they did not wish to see restored to life.

Dr. Attrapeccini was shocked, and exclaimed angrily that he could not believe it possible that two sons could be so unnatural as to oppose the resuscitation of their own father.

It was nothing less than parricide, and he would not connive at such baseness! He had not had any intention of reviving the miller, but now he would take good care to do so, and unless he changed his mind, the old Gavazza would be the first person resuscitated in the cemetery.

The dismay of the duke and marquess may be imagined.

They offered money, but although they had brought a large sum with them, it was not sufficient to allay the scruples of Attrapeccini, and each of the brothers was obliged to sign a note.

The learned doctor received many more visitors, but the chronicle merely states the fact without giving any details.

The eve of the first of May arrived, and the guards around his house were doubled, and received the strictest orders, for the chief magistrate knew that the people would blame him if the invoker of the dead were allowed to escape.

It was estimated that fifty thousand persons were assembled in the cemetery or its vicinity on the first of May at six in the morning, and as the doctor did not appear at the first stroke of the hour as he had promised, fifty thousand voices cried out, "Attrapeccini! Attrapeccini!"

At the same time the chief magistrate presented himself at the stranger's house, and found the interior of it just as empty as the exterior was well guarded.

The restorer of the dead had departed by way of the cellar, where there was an opening into the next house, and the chronicle reports that he took a sum equivalent to fifty thousand francs, which had been paid to him on consideration of his not performing a miracle, and of leaving the dead in their graves.

What wicked people the Florentines must be! It would be very different nowadays if some one were to come and propose to resuscitate the bodies in our cemeteries, for we should then see widowers, physicians, and millers' sons turned dukes and marquesses, throwing themselves at the feet of the magician, embracing his knees, and not rising until he had promised to restore to them their wives, patients, and fathers.

So true it is that mankind is improving, and that cupidity, pride, and ingratitude have given place to self-sacrifice, modesty, gratitude, and all the sweetest and most generous sentiments!

THE JOY OF PURSUIT.—It is natural for man to be always looking forward to something beyond the present, hoping for something he does not possess, expecting something that has not yet appeared, pursuing something that is not yet attained. Naturally, too, happiness seems to him to be centered in this future attainment or possession. He is always going to be happy by-and-by, when this or that hope is realized. Meantime he is content to labor and strive for it, and endure as patiently as may be the present hard work or self-denial in the anticipation of what is to come. Pope says truly, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always to be blest." Yet whatever pleasure may reasonably be attached to success, there is a still greater and far more lasting one connected with pursuit. Every one with normal abilities is striving for something, and it is in this very striving that he gains the most real happiness. M. S.

THE NORTH POLE may at length be reached, and all on account of a pair of trousers—oilskin ones—which were on board the ill-fated Jeannette. The garment is said to have been found on the coast of Greenland, showing that on their journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic the breeches must have passed the Pole, carried that way by a current.

HEAR both sides and you will be clear; hear but one and you will still be in the dark.

Scientific and Useful.

CUP GREASE FOR MACHINERY.—Melt and thoroughly mix while hot equal parts of fresh clarified tallow and heavy petroleum-oil or engine-oil. For axle-grease add to the above fifteen per cent. by weight of ground plumbago. Stir well while cooling, to make the mixture perfect.

NEW METAL.—A metal that will melt at such a low temperature as 150 degrees is certainly a curiosity, but John E. White, of Syracuse, N. Y., has succeeded in producing it. It is an alloy composed of lead, tin, bismuth and cadmium, and in weight, hardness and color resembles type-metal. So easily does it melt that if you place it on a comparatively cool part of the stove with a piece of paper under it it will melt without the paper being scorched.

SOAPSTONE.—Both in China and Japan soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmospheric influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone in the form of paint has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years which would, unprotected, have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no antifouling quality, but is anti-corrosive.

BLACK JAPAN VARNISH.—Take ten pounds of asphaltum, four pound of gum anime, and two and a half gallons of linseed oil, and boil these in an iron vessel for about one hour; then add two pounds of dark gum amber, two pounds of litharge and boil very slowly and cautiously, until the varnish becomes stringy, when it is removed, cooled, and thinned for use with turpentine. When the litharge is added it is liable to fume over, therefore it must be added in small quantities, and stirred with vigor during the period it is being put in.

LATEST IN PHONOGRAPHS.—The very latest adaptation proposed for the phonograph seems somewhat appalling, and opinion will probably be divided upon the question whether it possesses more advantages or disadvantages. It is a phonographic clock—a clock, that is to say, in which phonographs may be fitted which will utter any desired words at any given time. For instance, it would call out the quarters in unmistakeable tones, remind one of appointments, announce the dinner, etc., while at public meetings, it is contended, it would be invaluable and better than any chairman. Its cries of "Time" would admit of no appeal.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—Nine cases out of ten, where a variety of fruit which once flourished in a given soil, has ceased to flourish and perfect fine fruit there, the change is due to the fact that the soil has become destitute of the necessary mineral manure.

THE COW.—A fifteen-mile journey is an average day's work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in a poor pasture, nipping a penny-weight of grass here and there, to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milk pail.

TRUE ECONOMY.—As a rule, it is true economy to produce and manufacture everything as near as possible to the place of its consumption. The man who grows on the farm all he consumes on it saves double transportation—the hauling home what he buys and the hauling to market what he sells to pay for it. These two items of cost may make all the difference between successful and unsuccessful farming.

CUTTINGS OF PLANTS.—The German mode of preserving or transmitting cuttings of plants to a distance is by means of cylindrically shaped strong glass bottles, with wide mouths, into which the cuttings are thrown just as they are taken from the plant; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of water is put in the bottle, and the stopper hermetically sealed up. Cuttings kept in this way for a month have grown most freely.

WEEDS.—A writer in a New York paper gives a valuable hint, which is worthy of trial. He destroys noxious weeds by pouring crude carbolic acid into the "heart of the plant," which probably means the "crown" of the plant. Dandelions treated in this manner were killed down a foot below the surface. It is probable that any kind of acid will answer, especially the sulphuric or muriatic. He claims it to be easier than digging out weeds. Thistles may be eradicated in this manner.

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Notice.

Our readers are directed to the premium offer of Dickens' or Waverly Novels on another page.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

Labor and Laziness.

Again and again have been pointed out the awful evils of idleness; we are shown from experience that drink, poverty, ruin, and despair are all ready pitfalls for the idler's feet; but we never dream of preaching a gospel of mere dreariness.

We should not like to see any part of the world turned into an ugly mill wherein human creatures should grind their lives in uneventful dulness; and we want to correct an impression which seems to have sprung up in the minds of a few super-sensitive readers.

There can be neither joy nor strength without work; but we do not ask any fellow creature to believe that the unrelieved round of exertion is a wise or human mode of passing existence; without a shadow of humorous exaggeration, we should by prepared to offer at any time a full and measured apology for idlers, and all we care to see is the acceptance of a rational compromise.

The duty of us all is to grasp the best that life has to offer; if we insist on grasping too much pleasure, the pleasure soon grows sickly—if we have an exaggerated standard of morals which makes us choose laborious asceticism, the soul becomes dwarfed, the power of feeling joy dies away, and, instead of a complete man, we have a mere walking epitome of miseries.

But we must not say too much in praise of laziness, or we may be charged with corrupting the public morals. All that we want is for our friends to steer clear of the falsehood of extremes. Imagine the pleasure of the toil-worn man when his turn for laziness has been fairly earned.

One who travels for hours over the Asiatic desert derives rapture from a draught of simple water—it thrills every nerve in him and seems to make him a new man; but what earthly pleasure is gained by a man who is sipping even the rarest and most delightful of wines a dozen times per day? The pleasure must be hardly earned, or it is not worth the having.

Think of the spiritless yawn of awful *ennui* with which so many thousands of men begin their day. The vision of the coming hours spreads like an ugly blank, and the weeks pass by in slow procession until the victim of laziness thinks that life is a mistake, only fit to be mocked at by sensible men.

As for the women—oh for the woeful ness of the lazy woman's life!

What begins all this? Laziness—only laziness. Every one of these beings would have been happy had they been sternly forced to toil. They should have dusted rooms, made clothing, cooked, walked regularly, and then the creeping canker would have missed them, and many a miserable home would now be happy.

But laziness is the fashion. A tradesman's daughter would blush to be seen polishing an ornament, and she would gabble scandal if she saw any girl-friend working usefully; she marries, and soon, in the long ennui of scandalously idle days, she becomes a secret drinker or a consumer of morphia.

Look at the splendid health and energy of some of the new generation of women—the wealthy women who will work—and then we may fitly despise or pity the terrible failures who stumble from sloth into wickedness.

But some one may say, "Have you not a word to give us about the workmen?" Certainly. We look forward to a time when the artisan shall not be regarded as a machine for the capitalist to squeeze; we know—alas, how well we know—the life of the men who are up in darkness, and who abor until they are too tired to read or think or do anything but doze sluggishly till bed-time. A little laziness would not do some of these fine fellows any harm.

We have seen boiler-makers come home night after night with their strong arms almost numbed. If the men sit down for a few minutes after tea, they are like inert masses, and no idea can penetrate their dulled senses.

On the other hand, we know the eager, vigorous men who go out to political meetings or lectures, or who attend reading-rooms, and we admire them and their life.

We should like to see the mechanic and laborer have a steady, certain amount of leisure—call it time for laziness if you like; we are not particular over names.

We emphatically declare that a nation is disgraced in which thousands of the most useful citizens pass their days in fierce toil and their brief leisure in semi-somnolence. The prudent, active artisan of the future will take care of his own interests, and we shall not see clever, hard-working fellows housed like pigs, and resting content with the dull enjoyments of brute beasts.

Now for the "weeds"! Work they will not. Laziness has eaten into the fibre of brain and body—into the recesses of the soul. They will starve, they will shiver in the cold of dreadful winters, they will sleep amidst filth and vermin, they will wear the cast off rags that old-clothes-men spurn, but work cannot be got out of them. They are too limp even to think, and they remind us of nothing so much as those gruesome squirming horrors that may be seen when a stone is suddenly raised after it has lain long on rank damp ground.

They carry laziness to the pitch of hideous, unspeakable, monstrous genius; there is no compromise with them; you cannot reason with them, for they have no moral sense.

In every city they swarm; they are not degraded, because there never was anything in them to degrade.

What should we do with them? Our answer is plain. Drill them mercilessly, force them to labor, say in effect, "You unclean breed, you shall not pollute the earth with your sodden laziness; you shall not share the fruits of the kindly earth or the harvest of the teeming sea; you shall labor honestly, or we will give you nothing but sharp pains and penalties. The toil worn laborer must give something like one-tenth of his pittance to feed you when your abominable manhood has ended in an abominable old age. That shall be no more. Nay, if you press us too far, there may come a day when we shall not even permit you to exist."

It would require some bravery in any public teacher to speak such stern words in days of cant and sentiment; but we can assure our readers that an ominous muttering is arising among the laborers, and it does not bode any good to the immense loathsome army of idlers.

WE must needs trust where we love. We must needs trust as we ourselves are trustworthy. The light and fickle and false and suspicious must live according to their own rules; but the men and women who are trustworthy will ever trust—for we see the world through our own glasses, and the evils we are not conscious of in ourselves we do not generally credit to others.

CONCEIT is unpopular, and yet in a rough world it is something of a virtue too. It is an outer skin to a man, and shields too naked nerves. Happy in his fool's paradise, the conceited man lives in charity with his neighbors, is not on the watch for slights and offences, is not ever angling after praise; and he is the pleasanter neighbor on that account.

JUST as the symmetrical exercise of all the muscles produces the attractive grace of motion in the human foam, so the harmonious exercise of all the faculties will produce a beautiful strength and grace of character that cannot fail to be appreciated and diffused.

ARTIFICIAL politeness and simulated good breeding are the flimsiest mask that can be assumed; and no one not entirely devoid of judgment and tact would attempt to substitute them for true courtesy inspired by sentiments of respect and consideration.

IT is not the least advantage of friendship that by communicating our thoughts to another we render them distinct to ourselves and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own individual contemplation.

THE shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to the task of pulling down and destroying. Folly and rage can ruin more in half an hour than wisdom, deliberation and forecast can build up in many years.

FORCE is of no use to make or preserve friends. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their happiness; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.

SIMPLY to show dislike or displeasure at the lack of anything desirable is not the way to supply that lack; and to give cold looks and hard words to the unsympathetic will never fill their souls with that sweet and tender spirit.

EVERY victor largely proves his character by his demeanor towards the vanquished. If he is truly noble, he will use his power, whatever it be, to lift, not to crush, the less fortunate.

"EVIL, be thou my good!" is not the right kind of invocation in love or in aught else; and the person loved beyond reason gets weary of it all. It is too much for mental digestion.

STUPIDITY is to the mind what clumsiness is to the body. It exhibits just the same fatal power of mischief in its own way.

HE that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

THE very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

The World's Happenings.

The Chinese are to be enumerated in the new census.

The telegraphic postal card is a great convenience in Paris.

A piece of ice unloaded from the railroad cars in West Chester lately, weighed over 920 pounds.

The aggregate weight of the family of Isaac Gloer, of Bowman, consisting of himself, wife and four children is 1330 pounds.

A bright tailor near Union Square, New York, is doing a large business in turning trousers inside out and making them over.

The biggest school boy in Rhode Island is believed to be William Davis, of Westerly, who is 13 years old and weighs 287 pounds.

The cost of the grippe epidemic to the people of England is estimated at $10,000,000, including life insurance and loss of wages.

Harrisburg, Mich., with a population of 300, has not had a death in six months, and the two undertakers there are thinking of moving away.

The tailors of St. Petersburg set up a large blackboard in their shops, on which they post the names of delinquent customers and the sums due.

In Dorchester, England, a bounty of 8 cents per dozen is offered for old sparrows, 4 cents per dozen for young ones, and 1 cent per dozen for eggs.

A citizen of Elbert county, Ga., has a well in which he frequently catches different kinds of fish. He thinks it connects with a creek half a mile distant.

A shoe that was taken in Montreal off the hoof of a horse from the Clyde, Scotland, weighed five pounds, and was nine inches across, with a toe calk of six inches.

The child in New Brunswick, N. J., who awakened from a trance, while lying in its coffin and began crying, thoroughly frightening all those around, took sick again and died in convulsions.

The largest plate of glass ever cast, measuring 145 by 195 inches, and weighing 2000 pounds, was drawn from the annealing furnaces at the Diamond Plate Glass Works, Kokomo, Ind., on March 20.

Here are some good old Maryland names found in a recent issue of a Baltimore paper: Toadvine, Whip, Traveller, Ramsburg, Billingsley, Harbinger, Yingling, Cresap, Prettyman, Goodmason, Jory and Rothrock.

The body of Lucy Zarate, the Mexican dwarf, who died recently on a railroad train in the West, was shipped by rail to Mexico, but was held at El Paso, Texas, until the Mexican Custom House was paid an import tax of $650.

A Worchester (Mass.) merchant has just been obliged to pay a reward of $100 which he offered if a certain drummer would abstain from intoxicating drink for a year. The drummer abstained, but was obliged to go into court to get the reward.

A letter from the Philippine Islands, addressed to a sea captain at Bath, Me., arrived a few days ago, after being on the road six years. It was rather faded, but still bore a legible direction. The writer was the captain's sister, who has been lost at sea since she penned the note.

The "Almanach de Gotha" is over a century and a quarter old. When it was first issued among its collection of sovereignties written up there were only three republics—Switzerland, San Marino and Andorra—while to-day, out of its total of fifty-eight States mentioned, twenty-six are Republics.

At Charlestown, Portage county, Ohio, recently, Mrs. John Lowrie gave birth to quadruplets, two boys and two girls. Mrs. Lowrie has already to her credit triplets and twins. The babies are all alive, well developed and apparently healthy. Mrs. Lowrie is a farmer's wife, of Irish descent, and is about 40 years.

An Italian arrested in New York for shooting a trick cat belonging to a saloonkeeper, stated to the police magistrate that his business is that of serving dried cats' livers to Mott street Chinese at 40 cents each. He also derives considerable money from the sale of the pelts of the murdered cats, which are made into muffs and boas.

Dr Lancaster, a London physician and surgeon, recently analyzed a man and gave the results to his class in chemistry. The body operated upon weighed 154 4 pounds. The lecturer exhibited upon the platform 23 1 pounds of carbon, 2 2 pounds of lime, 22 8 ounces of phosphorus and about one ounce each of sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon.

A colored chicken thief in Atlanta, Ga., was assisted in his rascally work by a dog, which would go into coops and catch the chickens and bring them out to his master. The assistant was a big woolly animal, and the police learning this, they kept watch for such a dog, knowing that his master would be along, and soon the pair fell into the clutches of the law.

The British Museum possesses a collection of the old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves more than 3 000 years old have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

Two Wisconsin youngsters decided a dispute in a novel, but practical manner. They were out hunting, and a discussion arose as to the carrying powers of their guns. Not being able to settle the question to the satisfaction of both, they paced off a distance agreed upon and opened fire on each other. One was uninjured, while the other was peppered full of shot. That ended the dispute and nearly ended one of the boys.

A burglar, while ransacking a house in Chicago the other night, was greeted with a "Hello, there!" in a sepulchral voice from the gloom of a recessed corner. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. A pet parrot had worked in his sole stock of English with admirable results. The burglar dropped a purloined overcoat in his haste to get away, but he subsequently recovered from his scare sufficiently to enter two other houses, where he secured several overcoats and $40 in money.

OF LIFE.

BY AARON SMITH.

But oh, the song I'm singing
A burthen hath of grief—
Hearts to their last hope clinging,
As April sunshine brief.

Dark den and loathsome alley,
Of sin, and want, and care,—
Go from the flower-crown'd valley,
And shed thy sweetness there.

And so the song I'm singing
Of human life doth tell;
Blithe bridal chimes now ringing,
Now the lone passing bell.

Spots in the sun of beauty,
Gold wedded to alloy;
But faith, and love, and duty
Are talismans of joy.

"Person or Letter."

BY H. E.

I AM afraid I treated my brother Leo very shabbily. As soon as he had settled down at Wymaring, where he was managing the new coal mine and had built me a pretty little cottage in the settlement there, he sent over for me to come and occupy it, and expected, I suppose, that I should keep house for him till his fortune was made and we could return to old England together.

He forgot that out in Queensland a marriageable young lady is a very valuable and much sought after article. I had not been at Wymaring three weeks before I had half a dozen suitors. One of them—George Stewart, who had a sheep-farm six or seven miles away—seemed quite as lonely as Leo, and he had a cottage waiting for me much prettier than my brother's; so, after I had kept house for Leo for about six months, I changed my name and residence, and went over to Stewart Farm.

George did the best he could for Leo. He gave him, in exchange for me, his own servant, a half-witted Irishman who was warranted to wash, sew and cook, as well as to look after a horse and a garden; but he was far too inventive and ingenious a cook for Leo's taste, and, as for sewing, he did not know how to use a thimble. Though I suppose it was complimentary to me, still I was very uneasy when I found how thoroughly dissatisfied Leo was with the change.

One evening he rode over the farm, as he often did, about sunset. We were sitting out in the porch, George and I, and went to the gate to meet him and put up his horse.

"That Mike again!" Leo began as soon as he had greeted us, and would say no more till we were all seated in the porch together. "Oh, that Mike!" he exclaimed again.

"Well, what is the matter this time?" asked George. "More original cookery?"

"No," groaned Leo; "he is gone!"

"Gone!" ejaculated George and I together.

"Yes. I wanted one of my best linen shirts, and I found he had cut it up into pocket handkerchiefs; and very proud he was of it too. And I'm afraid I must have discouraged him, because he has disappeared!'

"That is a pity," said my husband seriously; "he was an honest fellow and well-meaning, if he did get into a few mud dies."

"Yes," answered Leo, "I am very sorry. It is not that I miss the man—I am very glad to be rid of him; but the gold watch my father gave me and a few more things have gone too. I am sorry I discouraged him."

My husband could not help laughing, but I was very indignant at the theft of the watch.

"Look here," said Leo at last—"I want my sister back. Remember, it was a bargain. You gave me that atrocious old dunderhead of an Irishman for her, on the understanding, of course, that he would stay with me. He is gone. Naturally I take Mary back again to keep house for me."

"But I can't spare her," returned George, putting his arm around me with an air of proprietorship—"can I, old girl? Look here, Leo—you must get married yourself!"

"Yes," I said—"get a wife for yourself, Leo!"

"Hear, hear!" cried my brother, springing to his feet. "I am so glad that is your opinion, because I proposed yesterday."

"Proposed!" exclaimed George and I. There was not a marriageable woman that we knew of for fifty miles round.

"For goodness' sake tell me, to whom?" I inquired.

"Oh, you need not be frightened!" he returned. "I'm not going to marry a native or the old hag who keeps the dram-shop. I have written home for her."

"For whom?"

"Dolly!"

"Dolly Devay? Good gracious! But you were never engaged, were you?"

"No; but I was always very fond of her. She can cook and sew, I feel certain; and I know she was very fond of me."

"But what did you say to her?' I gasped.

"Oh, I said I had never given a thought to any girl since I left her——"

"Especially as you have scarcely seen one," interposed George.

Leo went on without noticing the interruption.

"I said I wanted a wife, and asked her if she would come out here and marry me; I would meet her at Brisbane, and get the thing done straight off before coming on here, where we would live happily ever afterwards."

"Oh!" exclaimed George, whistling. "Is that all?"

"Oh, no! I sent her a piece of poetry that I am sure will bring her. I made it up for the occasion. Here is the first verse:

"'Hand in hand, little children, together
We played where the breeze of the moorland
Shook all the bells of the heather.
Little sweetheart, do you remember?
The bells are all withered,
The heather is black,
And I am come back.
Is it hand in hand still, little sweetheart?
Is it hand in hand, darling, for ever?'"

"Funny metre!" grunted George.

"And there never was any heather at Bloxhome, where you saw Dolly," I objected.

"No—it was stubble-fields chiefly; but 'stubble' does not sound romantic enough. It is poetic license, you know."

"And you are not going back," said my husband.

"Poetic license!" ejaculated Leo again.

"She will never come!" I declared emphatically.

"I don't expect she will; but it is worth trying. There is not a girl in this place except the little Browns; and I can't wait eight years till they grow up. Just my luck—the only marriageable young woman ever imported was my own sister! But I not see why Dolly should not come," he went on. "I shall be in the agonies of suspense for a couple of months."

"You have not really sent the letter?" I queried, for I could hardly believe it.

Leo assured me that he had. It was well on its way to Brisbane, if it was not already on board ship.

I could hardly realize that my brother had really sent Dolly Devay a proposal of marriage, but, when I did realize it, I felt very disappointed.

Dolly was not half good enough for Leo. She was a pretty little thing, no doubt, and could play the piano; but I could not remember anything else that she could do. They were only jingling little pieces she played, too. "Like herself," I thought bitterly; but I knew it was no good saying anything to Leo now. I could only hope that she would not accept this offer which my brother seemed to be making so lightly. On thinking the matter over, I decided that she would not; the whole idea was far too absurd; and so I comforted myself.

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"I can't help admiring Harry," said George, as we sat at breakfast a few weeks after Leo had startled us with the news of his proposal—my husband was reading a letter from his brother in Melbourne, which the mounted postman had just brought in—"he is so delightfully cool!"

"What does he say?' I asked.

George handed me the letter. It certainly had a touch of *sang froid* about it.

"DEAR GEORGE: —I find I must go to England at once about the Wabang affair. I do not like leaving Amy alone, so I am sending her off to you," it began, and concluded with arrangements for our meeting his daughter at Canning, our nearest station town, which was connected by a loop-line with Brisbane.

I handed back the epistle, laughing.

"Well, we have certainly plenty of room and of welcome for her," I said.

"What kind of a girl is she, George?"

"Oh, you need not call her a girl!" he replied. "Remember, she is a year older than you. Harry's wife was dead and buried before I was fifteen."

"Let me see—she is very pretty, I think you told me?" I asked, anxious for a description of this young lady who was to swoop down upon us so suddenly.

"Yes, she is a very nice-looking little thing. Why, bless me," he cried suddenly, "a man is not forbidden to marry his brother in-law's niece, is he? She will be just the girl for Leo."

The same idea had occurred to me. I had nearly dismissed from my mind all thoughts of my brother's absurd proposal to Dolly. I think George had forgotten about it altogether. He went on describing Amy's many virtues in such glowing terms that I did not know whether to feel jealous or fall in love with her.

When the girl herself arrived the next day, I was charmed with her. Her appearance on the scene was rather romantic. George had ridden over to Canning with a spare horse early in the afternoon, and I was expecting them to arrive together in the evening. About sunset Leo came over to see his new relative, and were walking together down the bridle-path, when Leo stopped suddenly.

"Listen," he said—"here they are!"—and I could hear the sounds of horses' hoofs in the distance. We could not see far, as the path wound so among the trees. "Why, there is only one horse!" added my brother. "Bess is coming in at a gallop."

The tone of his voice and his manner made me apprehensive of danger.

"It is not a runaway?" I asked in alarm. Leo laughed to reassure me.

"Keep calm, little woman," he said, taking off his coat and hat as he spoke, ready for action.

The next moment a horse galloped round the curve of the bridle-path, with a slight figure swaying in the saddle and leaning forward on the excited animal's neck. It passed me as I drew back into the bushes, but Leo sprang into the road, and, running with the horse, seized the bridle with both hands, putting his arm around the girl to do so. For a moment he looked a comical figure—at which however I felt not the slightest inclination to laugh—as he ran along by the side of the horse, pulling with all his might at the reins. Then Bess, feeling a strong and familiar hand restraining her, cooled down and gave in.

Almost before I knew what had happened, Leo had lifted the girl from her perilous seat and was walking by her side towards me, leading the panting horse by the bridle.

"Miss Stewart was in a great hurry to get to us, wasn't she?" he said, as he came up.

I expected to find our visitor almost fainting or on the verge of hysterics, but she seemed as cool as if nothing had happened.

"You will think me a very stupid rider, to begin with," she remarked, when I had welcomed her and inquired if she was hurt. "I could not get much practice in Melbourne."

Leo was just saying he thought her very calm and plucky, when George, who had been left far behind, arrived in not haste to introduce us.

He found such a ceremony quite unnecessary. I had fallen in love with Amy already—she was such a bright charming girl. Leo seemed to admire her too; and I thought he must have forgotten Dolly, so I asked him what he imagined Miss Devay would have done had she been in Amy's place. The question seemed to make him exceedingly angry.

My love for Amy Stewart increased every day, for she appeared to be continually justifying the admiration I had felt for her at our first meeting. I do not know what Leo's first opinion of her was, so I cannot say whether it was strengthened or not. I only know that his evening visits became four times as frequent and encroached more and more on the afternoon. To prevent Amy from having any more perilous experiences on Bess, he was kindly instructing her in riding; and of course it necessitated frequent journeys over to our farm. Amy was rapidly developing into a skilled horsewoman. I wished Leo had taken half the trouble to teach me, and I told him so.

"Oh, you are so timid!" he said, by way of excusing himself. "Miss Stewart is afraid of nothing; there is some chance of teaching her how to manage a horse;" and then went off to play tennis.

George and Leo had formed a court in front of the house, and Leo had sent to Brisbane for an outfit. If it had not been for tennis, I should never have seen my brother; all his time would have been devoted to teaching Amy to ride.

I could not help thinking about the letter to Dolly Devay, which Leo seemed to have forgotten altogether. When I reminded him of it, he laughed and said:

"It is too absurd to think about; I must have been driven out of my wits by my bachelor troubles. Dolly will box my ears for it, if I ever go to old England and Bloxhome again."

"And don't you want Dolly?" I asked innocently.

"No; I've changed my mind," he replied, and went away whistling, as though anxious to end the conversation.

I knew very well what that meant, and could not help wishing that he was not so positive about Dolly's refusal. I longed for a letter from England in reply; that would clear away my lingering uneasiness.

Meanwhile Leo seemed to be living at our farm. I do not know how the mine got on—he did not seem to care; I supposed his house at Wymaring was lonely now that Mike was gone. Amy might have been practising riding for a circus, so frequent and lengthened were her lessons.

One evening matters reached a climax. He asked at once where Amy was; and, when I told him she was out in the garden, he put on his hat again and turned to go; then came back, as if urged by a sudden impulse, and kissed me.

"Wish me luck, little sister!" he said. "I am going to ask Amy to be my wife."

The next moment he was gone. "Dolly Devay may write. 'Yes' or 'No'—it makes no difference now," I said to myself, with a feeling of relief; and I went on musing and thinking about him till the sound of a horses' hoofs outside roused me.

Thinking it was George, I ran out at once, and found a postman in front of the house, with a letter for George from England.

"I have one for your brother too," said the man. "They told me at Wymaring that he was here, so I thought I might as well bring it on. Some people are in such a hurry for a bit of news from the old country."

I thanked him, and, taking the letter, glanced at the address; it was written in a woman's hand, and I felt certain it was the reply I had been expecting so anxiously. What will happen if Leo received two promises of marriage on the same day?

I decided at once that he ought at least to read this letter before he said anything to Amy, so I blew as loudly as I could a whistle George had given me to call him with—I could never manage the Australian "cooey."

Leo came almost directly—he could not have been far away.

"This is too bad, Mary!" he said. "I should not have come out that I thought you must be attacked by bushrangers or have set the house on fire. You have just spoilt it."

I did not answer him, but put the letter into his hand. He tore open the envelope, unfolded the paper inside, and glanced down it, his face flushing crimson and then turning deathly pale as he did so.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "Dolly is on her way out to marry me! Oh, Mary, what can I do?"

"What have you said to Amy?" I asked.

"Nothing. I was just about to ask her to be my wife, when I heard your whistle, and I came at once. I was sure something must have happened; but, oh, Mary, I did not expect this! What a fool I have been to think I could ever love a girl more than I did Dolly Devay! Love! I did not know what love was!"—and he began pacing to and fro excitedly.

I could see Amy coming towards the house to learn what was the matter, and motioned to her to keep away. She evidently thought we were discussing a secret, as indeed we were, for she laughed and turned back.

"May I read the letter?' I asked.

Leo was holding it crumpled up in his clenched hand, but gave it to me at once.

It was a sweet little letter. Dolly had always loved him, she said, ever since she had known him; but, when he left England without speaking, she was afraid his feeling towards her was only one of friendship; she did not know how truly he had determined to make a home before asking her to be his wife; and so on—very pretty, put indeed. Dolly concluded by saying that she would arrive at Brisbane about a week after her letter.

"There is only one thing you can do, Leo," I said.

"Yes, I know that," he answered quite calmly, "and I will do it. But, oh, Mary, it is a hard judgment on my madness! Good-bye!"—and, taking up his hat, he went out to saddle his horse, and in a few minutes was galloping towards Wymaring without having bidden Amy farewell.

The poor girl, when she came in a little later, seemed much surprised when four days went by and Leo neither came nor sent any message. She persuaded George to ride over and see if he was ill. Leo sent back word that he was quite well, but very busy, and was just starting for Brisbane; he also forwarded me a note at the same time, in which he said:

"DEAR MARY:—I have not asked you to accompany me, as I want you to stay and prepare Amy for the news. I am afraid she

loves me. Try to break it to her gently for the sake of your broken-hearted brother

"LEO."

That did not read well from a bridegroom going to meet his bride, I thought as I burnt the note.

There was not much doubt about Amy's love. The little artifices with which she would lead me to talk of Leo were charming and heart-rending. I felt that I could never tell her that my brother would come back from Brisbane a married man.

I warded off the evil moment as long as I could. Three days went by, and then I dared linger no longer. I did not know how soon Leo might return; and, if Amy were not told, I felt that his coming back with his bride would kill her.

On the evening of the third day I asked her to come for a stroll with me along the bridle-path, where we had first met, so long ago, it seemed now. We walked along in silence, for I was wondering how to begin my story; and Amy must have been thinking of Leo, for when she spoke it was about him.

"What was it you were talking about," she asked, "on that evening just before Leo went away so suddenly?"

"It was a letter he had received from England," I answered, and then paused. Oh, what a task Leo had given me! How could I perform it? "That is what has taken him to Brisbane," I went on, wondering what I should say next. "The letter was sent by a young lady whom we used to know in England."

I glanced at Amy's face to see how I was getting on, but she was not listening to what I said.

"Hark," she exclaimed, suddenly standing still, "there is a horse galloping home! Perhaps it is your brother!"

We were almost exactly in the same spot when Leo had heard her horse on the day we first saw her. The scene was strangely similar, though this time it was Amy who was with me. We both strained our ears to catch the sound.

"It cannot be Leo," I said; "he will not come here."

But the next moment Leo himself appeared, galloping towards us to disprove our statement. He sprang from his horse, and greeted us quite enthusiastically, evidently in radiant spirits.

I wondered what could have happened. As long as Amy was with us my anxious curiosity could not be satisfied. I was in a fever of impatience as we walked up to the house together, Leo leading his horse.

As soon as we were indoors, and he had gone to his room to change his dress after the journey, I hurried after him, and knocked at his door.

"Come in!" he said cheerily.

"What has happened?" I inquired, when I had shut the door behind me. "Hasn't she come?"

"Oh, yes—she came all right!"

"Leo, is she dead?"

"Oh, no, he answered—"not so bad as that! She is only married!"

"Married?"

"Yes; the captain fell in love with her on the way out. Now, I remember, she always was a flirt."

"And pray what did she say to you?"

"Oh, she was very frightened, and did not want to see me; but I promised to forgive her if she would vow never to tell anybody about my letter."

This promise Dolly Devay kept; so Amy never knew what had interrupted Leo's first proposal to her till long after their marriage, when she heard the whole story from his own lips.

A Presentiment.

BY J. CASSELL.

SOME one was playing in soft, grave music in the silence of the great vaulted chamber—a chamber with deep, wide windows looking on to one of the well-known gardens of Rome.

A beautiful chamber, the studio of a woman artist, whose name was well-known to the world of art. It was lighted by shaded lamps, and out of shadowy corners gleamed rich, artistic draperies, and stands of palms and flowers, and odd, quaint cabinets laden with china and bronze and bric-a-brac.

A group of people were seated near the open fireplace; there was a fragrance of tea and delicate comestibles, and now and then the chink of cups and spoons and soft hum of voices. It was the day on which Mme. Moncrieffe received, the one day of the week on which her friends and admirers were privileged to intrude on her solitude, for, as a rule, she lived a very solitary life, and never had been known to accept any of the invitations showered upon her by the English and foreign families who wintered in Rome.

She sat now on a low chair by the fire. A woman no longer young, and with a face whose pale and chiselled beauty was marred by an expression of intense sadness—the face of a woman to whom life had been a tragedy of no common kind. Her eyes were gazing dreamily into the clear, bright flames; her hand, hanging loosely by her side, was clasped in that of a young and very lovely girl, who was kneeling on the soft rug at her feet.

Music has many advantages. In society it readily lends itself to use, as well as entertainment; it is an incentive to confidence and conversation. The voice rose and fell in rhythmical cadence, subdued in reference to an occasional chord; but her companion, as if emboldened by the murmure around, nestled closer and whispered an entreaty.

"I have come to day," "just to plead my cause once more. Do say you will come. It will be the one thing necessary to complete my happiness. Surely you won't refuse that!"

The woman started as if aroused from some deep train of thought. Her eyes turned to the young, eager face, and something tender and compassionate came into their gaze.

"Estelle, dear," she said, "I love you too well to refuse any request that might tend to your happiness. I would do more for you than any one I know her in Rome, but I cannot be present at your wedding to-morrow. Do not ask it, for I hate to refuse you anything.'

"But I do ask it, dear Madame Moncrieffe," pleaded the spoiled beauty, the belle and belreas of the Winter City. "You know I always get what I want, and I want you to-morrow."

"My dear," said the artist, sadly, "if I could break my rule for any one I would do it for you; but I cannot. Nothing could induce me to attend a marriage ceremony—even yours."

"You always say that, I know; but why? Is there anything that you fear? Or is it that such a ceremony recalls—?"

"Yes," the woman interrupted; "it recalls—it awakens—it is full of pain and horror to me. Estelle, I should be only a shadow to the sunshine of your bridal. Do not press the matter further."

The girl was silent. She knelt there in the firelight a picture of bright and beautiful youth, to whom the future only showed itself in the golden light of hope. Softly the music rose and fell. It had changed now to a plaintive, minor melody. The woman shivered as the mournful notes echoed through the vast chamber.

"It was just such a scene as this," she said, suddenly, "the eve of another wedding-day, and the music—oh, heavens! Why does he play that?"

"Shall I stop him!" cried the girl, terrified by the agony of the face bent suddenly low in the light of the leaping flames.

She half rose to her feet, but a gesture from that slender, trembling hand stayed her impulse, and she resumed her former attitude.

"Did I frighten you, Estelle? I am weaker than I thought. No, don't move, child; stay there, and while the music lasts, I will try to speak, to tell you the reason of a refusal that seems so sagacious a thing. It is no caprice, Estelle, for I love you as if you were my own child, and I have prayed for your happiness ever since I knew that Prince Glovoli had won your heart."

"You wish to know why I cannot be a guest at your wedding? Shall I tell you my story, Estelle, or will it frighten you? We live in an age of realism—of incredulity. No one believes now in dreams or signs or presentiments, and yet I know the truth of each and all of these so well that I am an old woman before my time, and I shall carry a broken heart with me to my grave for the sake of one"

The girl trembled and drew closer. "I always knew," she said, "That you had suffered—that some great trouble—"

"You shall hear it if you will," said the woman, in a strange, dull voice. She bent her head. The girl's blue eyes noted wonderingly the mingled grey and gold of the soft, thick hair, the haggard lines about the beautiful pale lips.

"It is years ago," she said, quietly, "and such a girl as you are now welcomed, even as you welcome the eve of her bridal day. Not a cloud, not a shadow, not a foreboding! With the memory of her lover's kiss she fell asleep that night; but in that sleep, there shaped itself a dream—a dream—strange—terrible—ominous. She saw herself standing in an old churchyard—a dreary, half ruined place, melancholy with cypress and yews; and old and forgotten graves, moss-grown and neglected. As she stood, something impelled her to look more closely at the headstone of one by which she stood.

"On it a name was given and a date. The name was her lover's name; the date, not three weeks after her destined wedding day. Cold and trembling she awoke and tried to banish the memory of that dreadful place. It haunted her throughout that happy marriage day. It turned her cold and faint, even amid her bridegroom's passionate murmurs. He, keen-sighted, sought to know the cause of her pallor and her terrified looks.

In despair she told him, only naming herself as the subject of this hateful presentiment. He laughed at her fears, and ere a week had past she had almost forgotten them amid the joys and the tenderness showered upon her life. They wandered from place to place in sunny Italy, in the loveliest nooks and in the loveliest season of the year. They took no count of time. Strong in health, rich in love and beauty and worldly goods, life was like a happy dream that lulled them to deepest rest.

"One day they had halted at a little out-of-the-way village among the mountains. It was close on sunset, and they wandered off, as their habit often was, to explore the neighborhood or sketch some of its picturesque nooks. Suddenly the girl's heart seemed to stand still—a cold and deadly horror chained her senses. Without heed—without even remarking where their footsteps tended, they stood in an old, half-ruined graveyard—the scene of the dream

"Shuddering and pale, she strove to draw her husband away. Her pallor and alarm aroused his suspicion. He glanced around, and he, too, remembered the dream. There was no mistaking the spot. Her description had been accurate in every detail. However, he made light of her fears; he strove to reassure her. They left the spot and returned to the inn. Only then did he remember the date of the day. It was exactly three weeks since their marriage."

The voice of the speaker faltered. The girl, pale and awestruck, looked up at the sad eyes and trembling lips. Soft and weird the music rose and fell across the ripple of light words, the chime of distant laughter.

"Oh," cried the girl, suddenly, "it is of yourself you speak. This—this is your reason."

"Yes," said the woman, slowly. "This is my reason. That night my husband was attacked by cholera. Two hours afterwards he died."

There were tears in the young bright eyes—eyes to which sorrow was as yet unknown:

"My poor friend!" she cried softly. "Oh, my poor friend! It is terrible?"

"Well," said the woman harshly. "You have not heard all. Learn how more than cruel fate can be to those who defy it. You know how great the dread is of that terrible scourge. How quickly the pageant of death is played out to its final issue. Before I had even realized my loss, before my stricken heart had recovered from its first stroke of agony, I heard that my darling had been taken from me—buried—buried—Estelle, in that very churchyard my dream had shown to me. Then a great stupor and horror fell over me. I was like one dazed and stunned. I felt nothing—realized nothing but my own great loss. I prayed only that death might seize me and bring me to his side in spirit, since it had so cruelly separated us. It was my first grief." No doubt I was impious—mad. They said I was—the priest, whose empty words and hollow services brought no peace to my wrecked soul; the soft-voiced sisterhood, who came as nurses and friends to my side in those dark hours. Mad! Well, if so, I had to suffer yet more terribly for my rebellion. My story is not yet ended, Estelle. It may have been many days or few, I do not know.

"I had no count of time, when once again the force and reality of a dream held my senses in thrall. I saw my darling imprisoned, as it were, by some obstacle, calling me, entreating me, beseeching for some aid that I could not give, and dared not. Trembling and ill, I awoke.

"Then—oh! how can I speak of it! How describe that hateful' unresisting certainty which gradually took possession of me, which night and day had tried me with a persistence that would not be gainsaid! Weak woman as I was—stranger in a strange place—I, yet, by power of woman's wit and woman's persistence, gained my end. I had the grave in the dismal church yard opened, I stood, a woman, alone and helpless, amid a shuddering, superstitious crowd, while the cruel earth gave back its dead. Its dead, said I. Ah, dear! it was no dead they had imprisoned there; no dead whose helplessness the ghastly tomb had mocked. They had buried him alive! Estelle—alive! He had turned in that fearful coffin! his eyes were gazing at me, wide open, reproachful, despairing—"

The girl shuddered. A low cry broke from her pale lips.

"Don't tell me any more," she whispered. "Oh, it is terrible—horrible!"

"I have had to live out my life remembering it," came the despairing answer: "to live to think he had called, prayed, entreated for me in that awful place. I who loved him so and only knew—too late—I might have saved him.

Softly, hurriedly, the closing harmonies of the tragic music closed in that tragic tale.

Voices and laughter rang out once more from scattered groups. One or two approached the figures by the fire. A man, young, tall, of courtly bearing and handsome face, bent down to the kneeling girl.

"Have you persuaded madame, Estelle?" he asked, gently.

She rose. There was a shadow on the brightness and beauty of her face.

"No," she said, "her reasons are too good. Do not trouble her, Paolo. I am content."

The woman looked up at the two young happy faces.

"Some day," she said, sadly, "some day, prince, you will know my presence is a thing of ill omen. I can be no one's wedding guest since I have learned—the worth of a presentiment."

With a Tiger.

BY S. U. W.

"THEY tell queer tales of wild beast making friends with people, don't they?" said the junior lieutenant of the —th British Light Infantry, the officers of which were entertaining Dr. L——, the famous East Indian explorer. "There was a yarn in the papers to-day about a native child who was lost lately up yonder in the Neilgherry Mountains, and when the parents hunted it out, they found it lying quite happily with a lot of bear cubs, and the old she bear licking it just as if it had been one of them!"

"Nothing impossible in that!" grunted old Major M—. "When we were in South Africa during the Kaffir war, there was a big flood that covered the whole country round us, and I had to go out in a boat to look for an English engineer who was missing. And when we got to the place where his hut had stood, what should we find but him and a big lion sitting cheek-by-jowl on the only spot of high ground that wasn't covered, jammed together like passengers on an overcrowded train—the man with his arm round the lion's neck."

"And when the man was rescued," put in the lieutenant, imitating exactly the old major's gruff tones, "the lion swam after our boat all the way to the camp, and followed him about like a dog from that day forth; and everywhere that fellow went, the lion was sure to go—like Mary's little lamb, don't you know? A most affecting story, and perfectly true; I knew the lion intimately."

"Well," said Dr. L—, laughing, "I can tell you a story which I daresay you'll think even more impossible, and you are welcome to laugh at it as much as you please; but I can assure you that I was there myself when it happened."

"I suppose you all remember what a craze the old Gaekwar of Baroda (who reigned just before this young fellow that's king now) had for wild beasts of all sorts, and what a splendid menagerie he kept close to his palace. Well, at the time I visited his Court, the great attraction of the menagerie was a magnificent tiger from the Terai, one of the finest beasts that I've ever seen.

"This tiger, being such an important gentleman, had a keeper all to himself—an old native hunter, as cool and handy a fellow as I ever knew, and just the man for such a post. But, the very day that I visited the place for the first time, it happened by some mischance—no one could ever find out how—that the cage of the Terai-Wallah (as the natives called Mr. Tiger) hadn't been properly fastened; and just as the crowd was thickest all around the cage, all on a sudden the grated door was seen to fly open, and out shot the tiger's great body like lightning right into the middle of the throng!

"Then there was a stampede, if you like! Such a crushing, and fighting, and tumbling, and shrieking I never saw in my life. It's very lucky that the Hindoos don't as a rule wear boots, or half the people would have been trampled to death on the spot; but even as it was a good many of them were badly hurt."

"And where were you all the while, then, doctor?" asked the lieutenant, with a grin.

"Well, I really couldn't tell you just where I was," said Dr. L—, smiling; "but I can easily tell you where I was not—anywhere near the tiger!"

"At this there was a general laugh, for L— was known to be one of the bravest men in all India, and to have killed as many tigers as the best sportsman present.

"However," he went on, "like many others who are always 'yearning to be free,' Mr. Tiger didn't seem to know quite what to do with his freedom when he had got it. In fact, he was probably quite as much scared himself as any of the people whom he had frightened, for it was afterwards discovered that, so far as any one could tell, he had not hurt no one except the few whom he knocked down with his first rush. And well he might be."

"Finding himself suddenly in the heart of a big town of which he knew nothing, with hundreds of people running and screaming on all sides of him, the poor beast got quite bewildered, and doubtless wished himself safe back in the depth of his own quiet jungle, away from all the fuss and noise. And the farther he went the worse it was for him—houses, and houses, and more houses still, and not a living thing to be seen (for, as you may think, the news of his having broken loose had cleared all the streets in a trice), till he was quite tired of it all, and didn't know what to do."

"He seems to have given you a very minute account of his own feelings, doctor," said the waggish lieutenant, with a grin; but this time no one laughed, for the rest were so taken up with the strange tale that they scarcely heard him.

"Well," continued Dr. L—, "there was some one else who was quite as much put out by this business as the tiger himself, and that was his keeper, who knew the king well enough to guess what mercy he had to expect at his hands when the old rascal should find out that his pet tiger was gone. His first thought was to run away at once, but that would be to leave his wife and children at the mercy of the tyrant, which would be worse still. At last, in sheer desperation, he made up his mind to go out and look for the tiger.

"Meanwhile the poor tiger, being now very tired and very hungry—for by this time he had got into a street full of tailors' shops, where he naturally found nothing to tempt his appetite—would gladly have found his way back to the cage that he had left if he had only had the least idea where it was. He was fast giving way to despair, when who should heave in sight but the keeper, and I don't know who was the more glad of the two—the man to see the tiger or the tiger to see him.

"'Bagh Kudawund' (my lord tiger), said the keeper, putting his hands together supplicatingly, as these fellows always do when they address a superior, 'permit your slave to observe that your honorable highness can hardly expect to find very comfortable quarters in this nasty, dirty bazaar, which is full of low people, who don't know how to treat your honor with proper respect, and who ran away screaming at the very sight of you. Your honor had much better come home to your own nice snug cage, and have a good supper. See, here is some meat for you.'

"Whether the tiger really understood this address or not (though the Hindoo always vowed that he took in every word of it), he understood the mutton bone well enough, and began to crunch it with no small satisfaction. Then the keeper, seeing that 'my lord tiger' showed no sign of meaning mischief, plucked up courage and went right up to him, and then, having un-

rolled his cotton turban, he fastened one end of it around the beast's neck like a string, and led him away back to his cage again as quietly as a lamb. To that I can testify myself, for I happened to meet the pair of 'em as they came up to the door of the royal menagerie, just as I was leaving the palace after a talk with the old king.

"And now, gentlemen, if you don't believe that story, you have nothing to do but to ask the keeper himself about it, for he happens to be just outside the door, there, among my other servants."

The Fiery Crown.

BY PERCY VERE.

PRINCESS LABANNOFF, the reigning beauty of the Court of Alexander I. of Russia, sat at her toilet table one evening, languidly contemplating her imperial beauty in a large mirror, while her maids carefully arranged the magnificent hair which half a dozen fashionable poets had celebrated in poems as long as itself.

For, on this night, there was a grand ball at the Winter Palace, and no ball could be thought complete without the presence of the handsomest and most fascinating woman in the whole Russian Empire.

But, to any experienced eye, the splendid image which that mirror reflected was not altogether a pleasing spectacle. Though still young and wonderfully lovely, the renowned beauty had in her very loveliness something sinister and terrifying—something which made the beholder think instinctively of those gorgeous tropical flowers whose scent is death. And deadly indeed had she been from her earliest youth.

How many brave men had fallen for her sake by each other's hands or by their own, none could tell; and she was generally believed to have hastened, if not actually caused, the premature and mysterious death which had cut off in his prime her sluggish and unintellectual husband, Prince Dmitri Labannoff (whose ancient name and vast wealth were his only merits,) leaving her the richest and handsomest widow between the White Sea and the Black.

But, although every man of rank in the capital (including, if report spoke truly, even the Czar himself) had besieged her with compliments and entreaties, not one of them all had ever been able to draw from her a word or look of love.

It was a favorite saying of hers that power was the only thing upon earth which was really worth having, and that in order to obtain that power to the full, a woman must make every one love her, but must herself love no one.

The dressing of the princess's beautiful hair was almost completed, when she and her maids were suddenly startled by a shrill, strained, agonized cry, as of one in mortal pain or terror.

Then hurried steps were heard approaching, and into the room burst the princess's old nurse, Mother Masha (Mary), in whose arms she had been carried when the future Princess Labannoff was only little Anna Narishkin, playing with wild flowers upon the sunny slopes that overlook the Lower Volga.

"Go not to this ball, my darling," cried she wildly, as she threw herself at the princess's feet, and clasped her knees in entreaty. "If you love your life, go not!"

"Why not, mother? What has frightened you so?" asked her mistress in a softer tone than usual; for this simple old peasant woman was the only living thing except herself for whom she had ever cared one whit.

"Ah! my pet, my nursling, my own little girl," moaned the old nurse, "for your life's sake—for your soul's sake—be guided by me for once. God has seen your pride and hardness, and He is angry; and there is evil in store for you. Listen to me. I was sitting in my own little room, waiting till you should be all dressed, that I might gladden these old eyes of mine with the sight of your beauty; and as I sat there, I fell asleep, and then I dreamed a strange dream."

The listening maids exchanged glances of silent horror, evidently augurring no good from such a commencement.

"I dreamed," went on the old Masha, in a hoarse, hollow tone, which, though barely above a whisper, was terribly distinct, "that I saw you standing all alone in the midst of a great room, with your hair hanging loose over your shoulders, and shining so brightly that it dazzled one's eyes to look at it. And all around you in the distance were great crowds of people kneeling down and bowing towards you, just as we bow to the image of the Holy Mother in the church."

"But surely you do not call that a bad dream, Mother Masha," said the princess, soothingly.

"Wait awhile darling, and you shall hear," answered the old nurse, more sadly than ever. "Then suddenly I heard a terrible cry, and, behold! the beautiful hair that hung over your shoulders had changed to fiery serpents, coiling and hissing, and twining over you while you struggled and shrieked for help in vain. Then the flaming snakes fell upon the people that were worshipping you, and stung them till they fell down and died in agony. And then, all in a moment, there was a mighty blaze and a terrible thunder clap, as if God were coming to judgement; and with the terror of it I awoke.

The two maids, who had drunk in every word of this fearful tale, grew white as death and even the proud and inflexible princess was not wholly unmoved by the ghastly omen for, although as devoid of all religious faith as Voltaire himself, she was by no means free from the weird superstitions of her country. But in another moment, her haughty spirit had recovered itself, only to be hardened into tenfold obstinacy by the very shame of having yielded; though but for an instant, to anything which could seem like fear.

"Nurse," cried she, in a tone of stern commanding rebuke, "You forget that I am a Narishkin. Would you have me be afraid?"

"Ah, my pet," faltered the old woman, somewhat staggered by this appeal, yet still unwilling to give up her point.

But Princess Labannoff cut her short at once.

"Not a word more," said she, imperiously; "I will not listen to you. Though all the demons in whom you foolish peasants believe in should rise to bar my way, I would go, even if I knew that I would never return.

And the proud beauty swept majestically down the wide stair to her carriage, which was announced at that moment.

"She will go—it is her destiny," muttered old Masha, sinking her head in a fit of that gloomy fatalism which is as strong in the Russian as even in his natural enemy, the Turk. "It was so written for her at her birth, and who can strive against Fate?

It was afterwards remembered, with a superstitious shudder, by the servants who attended the princess that night, that, as she stepped into the carriage, there was an unwonted restlessness and excitement in her manner, a flush of unnatural brightness on her face, and a strange fire in her large dark eyes, more like the glare of madness than like the bewitching look that proved fatal to so many of her luckless admirers. And one of the two tall footman whispered to his comrade, with a meaning shake of his head—

"Folks call our mistress 'beautiful as an angel,' but it seems to me that to-night (St. Nicholas protect us!) she looks much more like a fiend!"

"Or like one over whom the evil one has power," answered the other gravely.

* * * * * *

The ball at the palace was at its height, and the Princess Labannoff was the mark of all eyes. But, on this occasion, there was a visible terror mingled with the admiration which she always excited; and wherever her stately figure passed, its passage was followed by significant glances, and by whispers more significant still.

Nor was this to be wondered at. It was a fancy ball, and the princess had chosen the very appropriate character of a sorceress. Her costume was a long black robe, which covered her from head to foot, a blood-red scarf across her breast, and a broad white girdle, inscribed with cabalistic signs.

In her hand she carried a wand, the ivory top of which was carved into the form of a human skull, and upon her head she wore a metal crown, the points of which were tiny lamps, whose fitful flames, playing over her flushed features and burning eyes, combined with the unnatural excitement of her look and bearing to give her whole appearance something indescribably weird and ghastly.

"She looks," muttered an officer who had been among her unsuccessful suitors, "as if she were being hunted by the ghosts of all the men whom she has destroyed."

The princess had just entered one of the smaller apartments—in which a number of other ladies in magnificent fancy costumes were already grouped together—when her fiery crown suddenly slipped and fell off, setting fire to her light dress and to the trailing curtains of gauze beside which she was standing.

Quick as lightning a sheet of flame leaped along the whole side of the room; the other ladies' dresses were instantly in a blaze, and in one moment the entire chamber was a scorching, roaring furnace, crowded with screaming and struggling victims, while the ill-fated princess, wrapped in flames from head to foot, writhed and shrieked for help in vain.

Fire! fire! fire! Send for the engines—call out the soldiers of the Imperial Guard. There is a rushing and a trampling—a hoarse clamor of many voices—the clatter of horse hoofs and the thunder of wheels—and help comes with all speed, but it comes too late.

Too late indeed! Already red tongues of flame were darting through several windows like coiling snakes, and the crash of falling stones and beams was heard from within, while the vast cloud of black smoke that billowed upward from the burning building seemed to blot out the very stars.

Brighter and fiercer grew the glare; thicker and thicker rolled the smoke. Then suddenly a great sheet of wall went thundering in, and the flame soared upward to the sky with a long, rejoicing roar, as if in mockery of the fruitless efforts which were being made to quench it.

All night long the fire raged, defying all that could be done to check its progress; nor was it till day began to dawn that it was finally arrested. The soldiers worked like heroes, and risked their lives as freely as ever they had done on the field of battle; (In the reign of Alexander's successor, Nicholas I., a still more destructive fire laid the whole Winter Palace in ashes; but it was rebuilt in a wonderfully short space of time by Count Kleimmichel,) but, in spite of all that they could do, an entire wing of the palace was destroyed, and beneath its smouldering ruins lay buried the corpses of many of the most gifted men and most charming women in St. Petersburg.

Many of the bodies were afterwards recovered, but no trace of the beautiful and wayward Princess Labannoff was ever seen again. And on the morning after the great tragedy, a servant of the Labannoff household, going upstairs to see why "Mother Masha" did not come down, found the old nurse lying dead, with a look of unutterable horror and agony stamped upon her rigid features, which no one who had seen it could ever forget.

A fat-looking pocketbook lay on a pavement in Cincinnati on April Fool Day for over an hour without being picked up. It was seen by scores of people, but, remembering it was April 1st, they all passed it, excepting a young man named Pros. He was willing to take the risk of being fooled, but wasn't fooled, for the pocketbook contained $20 87. He returned it to the owner, whose name was on the inside, and was liberally rewarded.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Providence paper is the authority for the statement that a woman living at Phœnix has a Harris Mountain canary that talks. It was brought to its present home about the same time a young parrot was purchased. The two birds have been in their respective cages, side by side, ever since, and while the parrot has caught some of the singing notes of the canary, the latter has learned to enunciate plainly from its feathered friend. It has learned thus far only two phrases, "Sweet little Dicky bird" and "Oh, poor Billy."

A large number of the friends and disciples of "Robert Elsmere" are about to enter on a new and ambitious undertaking in the foundation of an "Elsmere settlement" something on the same plan as the one in Whitechapel, in memory of Arnold Toynbee. The college or headquarters are to be in Bloomsbury, and the ideas that Robert Elsmere attempted to develop in his short life are to be put into practical operation there. One of the difficulties of the new religion will be to find an apostle to preach its tenets.

Among the odds and ends of a somewhat famous junk shop, under Essex Market building, New York, are some thousands of horseshoes. They are not sold, however, to either blacksmiths or iron founders, but are bought eagerly at 10 cents apiece by East Siders, who still have faith in the horseshoe's powers as a mascot. A great many East Side shopkeepers have horseshoes snugly hid away in their money drawers. Many a cheap apartment in the tenement house region has a gilded horseshoe over the hall door.

"Many a snug fortune," says a Maine paper "has been made in the ice business in Maine this winter, but perhaps none have been luckier than two young men who have been operating on the Kennebec. A few years ago these youths hired out with a man who was engaged in the ice business winters and in farming summers. They proved faithful workers, and last fall their employer, who is growing old, proposes to sell out his ice business to them for $6 500. They had saved $1 000, and, after some consideration, they accepted the offer, giving security for the $5 500 they could not pay. Last week they sold their ice to New York parties for $46 000."

The rapid increase in the wealth, business and prosperity of the United States during the last ten years is simply marvellous. The total wealth of the country is now $71 450 000 000, equal to nearly $1 000 per head. This is an increase in ten years of $18 000 000 000 or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given as $50,000,000 000, giving an average wealth per head of $1 545. The average in Scotland is $1 215 per head, and in Ireland $565. The total wealth of France is estimated at $36 000 000 000. England exacts in taxes $20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but $12 60. America will produce 9 000,000 tons of iron this year, while England's greatest production is 8 000 000 tons.

One of the leading churches of Minneapolis has adopted a novel method of increasing its attendance. Each Saturday evening a committee of gentlemen visit the hotels and take off a list of the guests who are domiciled there over Sunday. Neatly printed invitations to attend service at the church are inclosed in envelopes, sealed up and directed to the guests. They are left with the clerk with directions to place them in the boxes in the morning. As each man comes down to breakfast Sunday morning he finds a letter for himself. Opening it he discovers the invitation. It excites his curiosity, and in many cases the invitation is accepted. The plan has been in operation a short time only, but thus far has been found to work well.

A Tampa, Fla., paper chronicles the following: A gentleman of color called upon the County Judge in a state of high indignation and demanded a warrant for the arrest of a prominent dentist in this city. On being asked the nature of the charge he desired to make, he said that the dentist had pulled a tooth for his wife when he didn't want it pulled, but only made to stop aching and, worse still, wouldn't give him the tooth, but insisted on keeping it as a specimen. The indignant citizen stated that he was the possessor of real estate to the value of $1 500, and proposed to sell it and invest every cent of the purchase money in law suits for the recovery of that tooth. At last accounts the tooth was still in the hands of the dentist, and the would-be prosecutor was in search of a lawyer.

PAYING THE DEBT OF NATURE.—"It appears to me," said Serena to Sylvester that you kiss me entirely too often. I suppose when we are married people"—and she slightly blushed—"you will not think of kissing me more than nineteen or twenty times a day, whereas now"—and she blushed again.

"Very true," replied Sylvester. "Twenty kisses a day is, I believe, the normal standard. But consider. I am twenty-eight years old—consequently have spent ten thousand unkissed days. Ten thousand multiplied by twenty equals two hundred thousand kisses. You understand now what is meant by paying the debt of nature?"

"Dear me, yes," replied Serena; "but I never knew it meant that"

NEVER LIFT A GROUNDED WIRE.—It is always best to avoid danger if possible; therefore there is one rule which ought to be taught in every school in the United States, and that is never lift a wire off the ground. As long as it is on the ground it is harmless, no matter what pressure may be on it. The moment it leaves the ground it may be dangerous. It it in the way of traffic you can safely pull it across the street with your foot, then put your foot on it and hold it on the ground and it cannot hurt you, but do not lift it. Never touch a wire tied on a pole. It may not be dangerous, but it is like the unloaded gun, it may kill you.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.—The healthy who would wish to enjoy the inestimable blessing of a sound mind in a sound body must observe the conditions under which alone that blessing can be prolonged. Let no man be foolish enough to suppose that he has a brain, a physique, a constitution, capable of baring anything. When a vigorous system does collapse, the wreck is generally so utter as to be past salvage. Always therefore seek medical aid before the crisis comes. The strongest and the weakest are equally helpless when struck down by a deadly malady.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, April 7, 1890.

Advance patter of the April Bargain Showers. Merry music if you want Dress Stuffs or Robe Patterns; not so merry for the somebody who pays the piper. Never mind, *your* concern stops with the dollar's worth for fifty or seventy-five cents. The chink of coin that may be saved sounds from almost every counter in the Dress Goods circle. Like this:

36-inch All wool Stripes, 37½c; *never sold under 50c.*

37-inch Ombre Striped French Foule, 50c; *never sold under 65c.*

42-inch French Serge, with handsome sidebands, 50c; *never sold under 65c.*

40-inch light weight Silk and-wool Knickerbocker Suiting in 6 new shades, 75c; *imported to sell at $1.*

40-inch Silk-and-wool Illuminated Plaid, $1; *imported to sell at $1.25.*

40-inch All-wool Bourette Suiting, invisible checks, $1; *imported to sell at $1.25.*

42 inch Snowflake Cheviot, a light weight stylish material for whole suits, $1 25, *imported to sell at $1.50.*

All-Serge Dress Robes, with decoration of black braided Net in the new shades.

dove	heliotrope
gray	amethyst
brown	marine
tan	garnet

Stylish, rich, and $10; imported to sell at $20.

Eight items that stand for half a hundred.

You'll soon say good bye to the Winter Blanket. Here's a Spring weight that you won't care to kick off even on the coolish Summer nights. Warm enough, but not a bit burdensome:

Single Bed, $3.50 a pair.
Double Bed, $4.50 to $5 a pair.
Extra Size, $5 and $6 a pair.

That soft hush Bleached German Damask is plenty once more. When the sales of a linen like that run into tons and tons every season it isn't always easy even for us to keep the shelves full. By long odds the best 50c Damask we know of. Genuine, flax every grain of it—no starch or loading of any kind.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Our Young Folks.

A TRAGIC PARTY.

"NURSE is going to give a party, and Mamma says we may have some little friends asked as to invite you," said five-year-old Susie to her elder brother Jack.

"Thank you!" was scornful Jack's answer. "I've other fish to fry. I'm off to a boy's celebration this evening, a real [illegible]."

"Oh, dear," put in Annie, who was seven, "I wish he was going to mamma's."

"Of course, no doubt!" said ironical Jack. "What's to be the programme?"

"Oh!" said Bert, who understood this big word, "you know, and such a big cake; then Christmas games—snap-dragon, and that—and then a dance, and acting, you know."

"A [illegible] entertainment. What's to be the tragic representation?"

"The Babes in the Wood," said Annie.

"Just so. I say, you a happy evening—you may want a boy to give it a touch of [illegible] by and by."

The boy of eleven, the girl of seven-and-a-half, and the baby of five, all had the air of a duke, a duchess, and the haughty swagger and [illegible] of the world to which they belonged.

Susie was [illegible] stairs, making the cake her first care, so she knew it would be good. Annie had a whole family of dolls dressed and make presentable for the party—such a task as she and Susie had! they were up to their plump little elbows in soap-suds.

Baby Bertie bathed the dollies, while Annie dressed the fairy; and Bertie sat in a chair gravely practising on a comb, which was to do duty for a piano in the evening, [illegible] and off. Quite as good music [illegible] it to be, and the [illegible] and [illegible].

But after dinner a panic seized the two wee mothers; for Lady Gertrude, the darling doll, had been chilled in her bath [illegible] she looked so pale, and showed such plaintive means, that her mamma took fright, and thought she ought to consult a doctor without delay.

Of course Susie had washed off the rosy [illegible] her cheeks, still the fright was [illegible].

Bertie had to go down into the hall and [illegible] his hats and [illegible] with these and a very [illegible] came up in the character of [illegible], and [illegible] very well.

The child, he said, was very ill: beat away in bed, [illegible] the excitement of the party, [illegible] some of the goodies, and must take a bread pill.

This [illegible] mother swallowed slyly [illegible], and [illegible] would do her daughter good.

By and [illegible] that the little invalid was [illegible] tucked up in bed it was [illegible] for the party; and just as [illegible] appointed hour, as nurse explained [illegible] and all, and they were [illegible] in the room in turn, to which [illegible] was ready. Jack [illegible] head in at the nursery door, to [illegible] they were progressing.

[illegible] mamma's guests were arriving be[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

AFTER PEACE.

BY E. SPENSER.

The hues of Spring their beauty shed,
Fit time on love and peace to ponder;
"Amongst the pleasant world," I said,
"In search of peace and love I'll wander."

I found a nest within a tree,
Young wrens, nigh old enough to toddle;
"Birds in their little nests agree"—
Ah no! one pecked the other's noddle.

I saw a fly, all gold and green,
Amost the tender fresh leaves bobbing;
Not long by me its charms were seen—
'Twas gobbled by a greedy robin.

"I'm like to you," I said, "poor worm,"
(Beholding one where I was walking,)
"In dust alike our death and germ"—
Ducks tore it e'en while I was talking.

I thought I'd better hurry home,
But there the dog had killed the kitten,
A time of peace!—when will it come?
Where all is biting or is bitten.

WIRE-DRAWING.

The business of wire-drawing consists in reducing the metal from the state in which it is technically called "rods" to the finished wire. The "rods" are the metal which has been rolled hot, and reduced from a square to a round shape, and are generally about a quarter of an inch in diameter; and this manufacture of rods is a separate and distinct business from wire drawing.

The wire is drawn cold through steel plates in which a hole is punched, and the process of reducing the size is done gradually, that is to say the wire is passed through a succession of holes, thus gradually decreasing in size

A wire drawing bench consists of a long table or bench, on which are placed a succession of cylinders, which are made to revolve by means of wheels placed underneath the bench. The wire to be operated on is put in a coil on "swifts," which are placed upon the floor in front of the bench; and these swifts consist of an upright frame of stout bars arranged in the form of a truncated cone, which revolves as the wire is drawn on to the block, the plate which is to reduce the size being placed between the 'swift' and the "block"

It is obvious that the wire cannot be pulled through the plate by means of the revolving block until the wire has become attacked to the block; and as the point end of the wire has to be first passed through the hole in the plate before it goes on to the block, some means must be provided for drawing the point end of the wire through the plate to a sufficient length for attachment to the block; and this is provided for by a bar with a pair of pincers at the end of it, with a couple of links attached to the end of the pincers—to the ends which are held in the hand in the case of an ordinary pair of pincers—and these links are joined to a single ring at the end of the bar, so that when the other end of the bar is pulled, the jaws of the pincers come together and grip the piece of the wire which is first threaded through the hole in the plate.

But the force necessary to draw the first yard or so through the plate, to give length enough to attach to the revolving block, would be very considerable, and this power is applied by a simple arrangement.

At the bottom of the upright block is a cam, constantly going round horizontally with the block; but this cam in its sweep catches the end of the bar to which the pincers are attached at the opposite extremity, and this causes the pincers to pull round in the direction in which the block is going, dragging the wire through the plate till there is length enough to attach to the revolving block, when, by putting the foot on a treadle, the block is is brought down so that the cam is under the level of the table, and the pincers lie idle until they are again required

The wire now goes on winding round the block, and is wound off the swift, which is on the floor, and through the drawing-plate, until all the supply from the swift is exhausted.

The metal on the block is now "drawn-wire," and the process is repeated by running the wire through a smaller hole, and again until it reaches the required size.

The wire, however, becomes harder with each hole it goes through, and it will ultimately become so brittle that it would break like glass unless it is softened. The coils are therefore taken away from the drawing bench and are placed in an annealing furnace or pot, where they are subjected to a considerable heat, for a longer or shorter time according the degree of softness required. This annealing causes a 'scale' to appear on the wire, and this must be removed before the wire can be again drawn The rings are therefore taken to a bath, consisting of what is termed salts," that is, an acid solution, which removes the scale and leaves it in the bath. The wire after being left as long as is necessary in the solution, is taken out and washed, and then dipped in a trough containing a paste of slacked lime. Then the rings are put into an oven and baked until the lime forms a dry coating on the wire, which is now ready for re drawing.

Even with this coating the wire cannot be passed through the plates without soap or grease being applied to it before it passes into the plate. Some classes o' wire are also subjected to a tempering process, which all wire-drawers keep secret as far as they can, and this process adds greatly to the strength and toughness of the metal.

A soft metal which has been annealed is exceedingly tough and is difficult to break by bending; but in this condition it is of low breaking strain, that is to say it will only resist a comparatively small strain under direct pull;but when it is drawn through the plate the strength is increased and the toughness reduced, so that the object to be attained in wire-drawing is to combine the greatest amount of toughness with the required breaking strain.

The breaking strain of steel wire varies from forty-five tons per square inch to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty tons; and the skill of the wire drawer aims at producing that quality of wire which shall best attain the special characteristics required and at the least cost. The keen competition which now exists in this, as in almost every branch of industry, has unfortunately resulted in such a cheapening of the wire as to render it impossible to produce the best article at the lowest market prices in each class of material, because, unless a good metal is commenced with in the rods, it is impossible for the wire-drawer to produce a finished article of first-rate quality, although the very best skill may be put into the work; but if his object is to make the cheapest possible article from the material at his command, he may so reduce the labor expended on his metal as to considerably cheapen his production, but at the expense of the enduring quality of his finished article.

Of late years the use of iron has been to a very great extent superseded by steel of low qualities, because a cheap steel can be produced at less money than good iron; but this cheapening is not attained without in many cases a loss of working quality. On the other hand, some of the results now obtained could never have been achieved by the use of iron, as, for example, where great strength is required combined with lightness in the article into which the wire is worked.

Grains of Gold.

Life is the preface to the book of eternity.

Justice consists in doing injury to no man.

Knowledge is the parent of lore; wisdom, lore itself.

No blessing equals the possession of a stout heart.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

Reason bears disgrace, courage combats it, patience surmounts it.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.

Simplicity is that grace which frees the soul from all unnecessary reflections on itself.

It is as common for men to change their taste as it is uncommon for them to change their inclination.

When a man is tempted to do a tempting thing, he can find a hundred ingenious reasons for gratifying his liking.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all the management of human affairs.

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its sensibility.

Among the "rights" an individual may claim of society, room for the development of the individuality stands foremost. The word slavery is that with which conventionality shackles the soul, killing its voices, throttling its life.

Femininities.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.

Modesty in woman has two especial advantages—it enhances beauty and veils uncomeliness.

Miss Ella Ewing, a Missouri girl, 18 years old, is 7 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs 225 pounds.

The favorite cigarette smoked at "dove-luncheons" in New York is covered with rose-colored satin.

Bessie: "I believe Miss Weyting would jump at a proposal from a mouse!" Jessie: "So would all of us, I reckon."

Marriage is never a failure; but a business partnership or a hasty contract between two people of opposite sexes is apt to grow irksome.

A lady who is just home from Paris says that real butterflies from Mexico and Brazil are put on some of the new bonnets by the Parisian milliners.

A colored girl in Tennessee bears the following name: Carrie Ann Happy Ann Ann Eliza Scales Blow-the-Bellows Potters' Field Rose Ann Thomas.

A Georgia editor, in announcing his marriage, says: "We have taken this step for better or for worse; but it is a poor woman who can't support one editor."

A lady has invented a new kind of parasol. It consists of a single large leaf a pretty souvenir. The handle of the parasol is made to resemble the stalk that belongs to the leaf.

It is alleged that in a back district in Manitoba there is in the tax books this entry, referring to some crown lands: "Owner, Victoria; occupation, queen; residence, England.

The woman who wants to make a garden always lives next door to the woman who keeps chickens. This is said to never fail, and was sent in by a woman who lives next door to a woman who keeps chickens.

Mrs. Wickwire: "Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire: "Well, I suppose I am; but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."

In Holland an unmarried woman always takes the right arm of her escort, and the married woman the left. At a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right arm of the groom, and goes out on the left side of her husband.

Madame Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Bernard Beere belong to the "no corset" brigade. This is all very well for women of their figures, but if they weighed 200 pounds their unrestricted figures might not be so attractive.

A lady remarked that she did not mind cigar smoking, as there was a man at the end of the cigar. Cigarette smoking may be encouraged, as there is probably a woman at its end, such is the increase of the habit of ladies smoking cigarettes.

At the residence of Colonel Bass, at Rome, Ga., the other day, a partridge found its way into the house, and was captured by Miss Hattie and safely put in a cage. A little while later another partridge walked boldly in and started upstairs, and was also captured.

Fashionable widows carry their mourning very far, even furnishing their rooms entirely in funeral hue. The boudoir of one recently bereaved spouse is elaborately decorated in black and silver, the bedroom matching exactly with sheets and pillow cases of black silk.

Massachusetts is almost as slow in admitting women to the bar as Vermont is in permitting them to practice medicine within her sacred and man-protecting precincts. The third woman to become a lawyer in the Bay State is Miss Alice Parker, of Middlesex county.

Gaiters have been so popular this season in London that a "gaiter boot" has been brought out in imitation of them. It is a high-legged boot, and buttons in a straight line down the left side like a gaiter. The top of the boot is of glace kid, the "vamp" of patent leather.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York was packed from floor to roof the other day to hear a woman lecture. This does not indicate any revival of the lecture as a popular form of amusement. The address on this occasion consisted of practical hints for the care of the complexion.

Fifty families in Decatur, Ill., have joined in the novel scheme of maintaining a co-operative boarding-house, each lady to turn directly the affairs of the establishment. A month's board is paid for a month, and it is figured that a man can eat it cents, or about $3.50 per week.

A prominent society lady of New York has just returned from Europe with a beautiful pair of cut glass one-pound dumb-bells in her trunk. This is said to be the latest whim of aristocratic athletic English women. They are made in sizes from four ounces to two pounds and are as clear as Japanese crystal.

There is a woman in Glynn county, Ga., who has spoken to nobody but two women and a little girl in 15 years. She lives within two miles of a railroad and can hear the whistle of the locomotive every time it passes her house, yet she has never seen an engine or ridden on a train. She has been living on the same place for 15 years.

The editor of a leading German journal recently visited this country. On his return he said in his newspaper: "Nowhere have I seen so many beautiful women as in America, including even old women with white hair. The native American girl, especially if of Knickerbocker descent, is tall and slender, generally blonde, with regular features and clear blue eyes and feet."

At a certain fashionable boarding school the fair pupils are taught to enter and get out of a carriage. A vehicle with the proper seats, arrangements for their exercise is kept in the back yard of the establishment, and the carriage master or mistress goes through the most arduous training. Another accomplishment peculiar to this glitter-ified academy is carving boiled asparagus, oranges, and other unmanageable viands in a style approximating the perfection of lace makers.

Masculinities.

The man who is fully in love with himself has no rivals.

Happiness is a perfume which one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself.

Lord Tennyson recently wrote to a London friend that he would never again write a poem for publication.

Near Huntingburg, Ind., recently Rudolph Schroer, aged 82, and his wife, aged 76, celebrated their diamond wedding.

Happiness is a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress toward its attainment.

A breach of promise suit had to be postponed at Columbus, S. C., lately, as the defendant was absent on a bridal tour and the plaintiff was helping him to enjoy it.

The Hakka women of China are said to have free and independent minds because they have the freedom of their feet, never having adopted the custom of wearing shoes.

Mrs. Simpson: "So your servant has run off. How foolish in her to leave a good home like this. Don't you think she'll regret it?" Mrs. Sampson: "Yes; my husband went with her."

Senator Washburn, of Minnesota is now the only survivor of seven brothers who grew up on their father's farm in Livermore, Me., and made the family name known throughout the country.

An old recommendation often given young housekeepers is to use tea leaves in sweeping carpets; but their use on delicate colors should be avoided, as they will surely stain light carpets.

Mr De Boer: "Miss Emma, perhaps I ought not to call during Lent, for I understand you deny yourself all amusement." Miss E.: "Yes, I do, Mr. De Boer. Come as often as you like."

Servants in England are usually dressed in livery—maids as well as men; and this custom is now being followed in New York to some extent. Dark blue, green or black are the colors chosen for the women servants.

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to be married," he said; "are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?" "Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."

Briggs: "There is a great deal of nonsense written about a man being the head of the house, isn't there?" Braggs: "It is all nonsense in my case, at least. I am merely chairman of the committee on appropriations."

A Worcester, Mass., merchant, has just been obliged to pay a reward of $100 which he offered if a certain drummer would abstain from intoxicating drink for a year. The drummer abstained, but was obliged to go into court to get the reward.

Great statesman, to married daughter: "My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?" Daughter: "But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it; the whisky makes him sick."

A company is being formed for providing ladies who are not fortunate enough to possess husbands or brothers or whose husbands and brothers are too lazy to do their duty, with paid escorts, who will accompany them to and bring them home from concerts, theatres and balls.

Mrs. Goodwin: "John, dear, I wish you wouldn't give dinner parties to your friends on Sunday. Mrs. Parsons says her husband wouldn't think of doing such a thing." Mr. Goodwin: "No, I suppose not. The old curmudgeon makes it a point to give anything to anybody. No wonder he keeps the Sabbath."

Man with blank look, to large cross-eyed woman at door: "I'm the census-taker. I wish to see the head of the family." Voice from inside the room: "H'm! H'm! Already! Large cross-eyed woman, peremptorily to owner of voice): "Keep that cradle going, James!" To census-taker: "Go ahead with your questions, sir."

Mr Longwater, rising with much politeness in crowded street car: "Permit me to offer you a seat, madam." Lady, removing her veil as she sits down and discloning to be surprise the features of Mrs. Longwater: "Why, it's only you, is it? You're unusually polite, Josiah." Mr. L.: "Yes, it's I. If it had been anybody else you would have doubted the 'Thank you.'"

Robert Williams, a farmer in Woods county, Ohio, was told not to go down into an old well without first lowering a candle to see if there was foul gas there. As he was his wife soon saw him he threw a cigar at her, told her to mind her own business and went down to be hauled up a corpse. The wife continues to smoke a cigar and says she had the clerk suitably engraved.

In Chicago, lately, two young men were arrested for personating women in advertising for husbands. They found many dupes throughout the land. Photographs usually accompanied the offers, and the swindlers then proceeded to the address to were found suitable, and if all else fair were forthcoming they would go and marry the victim. Letters were held for trial on a charge of obtaining money of the mails.

As a wash for the hands to keep them soft and white Mme. Rapparlo has a recipe in the New York recently, recommending for the purpose a solution of rain water one half ounce of powdered borax, a package of ammoniated quinine and one dram of the spirit of lavender. Mix well together. This wash may have a little added to it if it is desired to keep it for any length of time, or if the user is troubled with chapped hands a little glycerine may also be put in.

Small boy: "Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?" Pa: "Well, my son, if I am correct, you cannot find out the difference, and if I am incorrect, you cannot find out anything right. With all your mistakes you will be a pessimist. But years as a newspaper man, contending against editors and publishers, have always inspired me with a belief that I was right, so you can't understand me. Therefore, I am a pessimist and an optimist. Now, you can't find out whether I am married or single."

Recent Book Issues.

A particularly pretty and seasonable facsimile water color picture is "Blossom Time" representing a lot of trees in blossom and a number of children playing beneath them. It is by Mrs. Pauline Sunter. In size with paper mat 14x18. Published by Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Wanamaker. Price $1.00.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The April *St Nicholas* contains the first of several important papers by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers on the Congo. It is called "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," and is illustrated by Kemble and Taber. Mrs. C. V. Jamison begins a serial, "Lady Jane," dealing with Southern life and character. Another continued story of a different style is "Majorie and Her Paps," by Lieutenant Fletcher, U. S. A., illustrated by Birch. "The Ballad of King Henry of Castille" is a rhymed story from old Spanish history, written by Tudor Jenks and illustrated by Childe Hassam. Oliver Herford writes and illustrates a little dramatic story told in rhyme by means of letters, setting forth how silly Miss Goose was invited to dinner by Mr. Fox and his cousin. Mary Hallock Foote tells the story of a little boy's "Visit to John's Camp," and illustrates her own story. Miss Seidmore explains "How to Use a Pair of Chopsticks," and there are many other excellent contributions in prose and verse, with an abundance of good pictures. The Century Co., New York.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for April has for its subjects: "Science in the High School," by Prof. David Starr Jordan; "Ethics and Religion," by Prof. Crawford Howell Toy; "Darwin on the Fuegians and Patagonians," illustrated; "Is Education Opposed to Motherhood?" by Alice B. Tweedy; "On the Natural Inequality of Men," by Prof. T. H. Huxley; "Sloyd," by Frimann B. Arngrimmsson, illustrated; "The Mysterious Music of Pascagoula," by Charles E. Culdesy; "The Indwelling Spirits of Men," by the Hon. Major A. B. Ellis; "Northern Lights," by Wilhelm Stoss; "Dragons, Fabled and Real," by M. Maurice Maindron, illustrated; "Alchemist's Gold," by M. A. De Rochas; "A Lesson in Co operation," by Clarence N. Ousley; "Intelligence of Squirrels," by Dr. T. Wesley Mills; "Sketch of David Rittenhouse," with portrait; and the usual discussions upon timely topics in the various admirably edited departments.—Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

The Century for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. Two of Mr. Cole's charming artistic engravings accompany a paper on Giovanni Bellini, by W. J. Stillman, in the series on Italian Old Masters. Mr. Jefferson's Auto biography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career, and tells how he came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson as "Rip" accompany the paper; Three timely articles are "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, in which is given a new account of the outrage at Yatutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and helpful paper, by George Berger, Director of the French Exposition; and "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's residence of twenty months among the natives. Three articles of special interest and authoritativeness are "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by John La Farge, with illustrations; "The Serpent Mound of Ohio," by Prof. F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass., and "The Old Poetic Guild in Ireland." The central west comes in for attention in "The Non-Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," and "The Shoshone Falls," the latter illustrated. Prof. Richard T. Ely contributes "A Programme for Labor Reform," and Capt. Chas. Bryant gives an account of his experience "In the Fur-Seal Islands." Among other contributions are three short stories, the sixth installment of Mrs. Barr's novel, a short literary essay by Col. T. W. Higginson, and more than a dozen poems. The departments sustain their usual interest.

MR. HIGHUP: "I don't see why brother William doesn't prosper. He has as good a business as mine, in an excellent position, but he is constantly having reverses. No matter what he attempts, he seems to blunder." Mrs. Highup: "But you must remember, my dear, your brother William has no wife to advise him."

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES with a stubborn Cold but get rid of it rationally with the help of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a healing medicine for the Lungs.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—It is not in an over refined politeness, not in studied discourses, not in affected manners that the knowledge of life, or a proper demeanor consist. Reason laments these sins, these tones, these quaint expressions, which our people of fashion seem to think is the criterion of taste, and the most agreeable ornaments in polite circles. If the mind were always in perfect unison with the heart, it would, no doubt, contribute to the advantage of the soul; and a becoming decency of behavior, which may be called the polish of society, would no longer appear to be the effect of art or caprice. There ought to be a certain degree of candor in our manners, which should influence our whole conduct through life.

And easy and free deportment, will always gain the applause of the multitude. A soul that unbosoms itself, an affable character and an insinuating mind, are the only sure and effectual means of winning people's hearts. Nothing can be more ridiculous and more unbecoming than to speak, when we ought to remain silent. The true knowledge of life consists in the knowledge of pleasing.

The way to please is not to wish to appear too polite. Those persons who always use a soft and sweet manner of pleasing, who are continually paying compliments, who make a simple visit of great consequence, who spend their days in passing encomiums, on returning thanks and making apologies, are far from proving a good heart, but rather indicate a flattering and sycophantic disposition to gain by affectation not real feeling. Who is the man who after having examined himself, will be so rash as to prefer the tumulet of the world, or the stories of passions to the satisfaction of being at peace with himself, and the good and wise? If we follow the light and guide of truth we will not go astray. L. G. W.

TRADE IN UMBRELLAS.—There should be a moral with a sharp point to the following episode, and, un Æsop like, it will not be appended, but left to the reader to affix. A Fall River gentleman was last spring in Detroit. He went on Sunday evening to attend a fashionable church, taking with him his religious views and a handsome silk umbrella. The latter he left in the inside vestibule in an umbrella stand with numerous others, while the former he kept with him. The service being long, he went out a few seconds in advance of the benediction, and, on looking for his umbrella, found it not. So being an honest man, he took the next best one and went to his hotel. Recently, while in Boston, he stepped into the Parker House. There, with others on a large settle hat rack, stood his umbrella.

He knew it, for besides the peculiar handle, there on the gold plate were his name and address. He claimed his property, explaining to the clerk at the desk. So the two watched for the man who should walk in and take the umbrella. Soon he came, lighted a cigar, buttoned his top coat, took the umbrella, and was stopped. "Whose umbrella is that, you want to know," he said when asked. "Last spring I was in church one evening in Detroit, and some sneak stole my umbrella out of the vestibule, where I left it, and I took the next best one. Next morning I found a fellow's name on it, but that didn't make it leak, so I kept it." There was an explanation, and while the Fall River man got his umbrella back, the other one got a new one at the expense of the man from the city of spindles.

FAVORITISM.—One of the most unfortunate things that can happen in the life of a child is to be exposed to the injustice which arises from favoritism, and yet it is perhaps one of the most common. The nurses, the teachers in school, even parents themselves are constantly likely to be led away by the natural fondness which some children are so much more apt to excite than others, or by the less excusable motives of prejudice or of interest. Perfect fairness in the treatment of a collection of children is perhaps not to be expected, impartiality being a god-like attribute not often attained to by mere humanity; but in its plainer manifestations favoritism is an evil which should be most vigorously fought against. M. S.

HISTORY OF THE "I."—The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and distinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where "i" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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ANOTHER VICTIM.

The moonlight shone on the drifted snow,
And the night was calm and still;
The old horse walked, but they let him go
At his own sweet will.

Time was no object to them just then;
They were willing the horse should walk:
For her lover to her was a king among men,
And she wanted to talk.

So they dragged along at a snail-like pace,
While she deftly spread her net,
Till at last they came to a dangerous pl'ce,
And the sleigh upset.

She landed head-first in a ten-foot drift,
And the old horse ran away;
But first he gave his hind feet a lift
And demolished the sleigh.

She got some snow down the back of her neck,
But she didn't get enraged;
For before he had got her out of the wreck
She had got engaged.

—SOMERVILLE.

A stinging letter—B.

The world's fair—Women.

Cut rate—The barber's fee.

A mew-sing—A cat concert.

A good fit—A fit of laughter.

Cloth for a baker—Dough-skin.

Divers amusements—Pearl fishing.

Bars to matrimony—The front gate.

The oldest settler in the west—The sun.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps.

The child of the sea—The harbor buoy.

Muzzle and breech loaders—Dogs and guns.

A base transaction—Laying a foundation stone.

To remove widow's weeds: say "Wi thou!"

The old maid's favorite vegetable is to mate, O.

How to make a little go a great way—Send it by rail.

A tight shoe on a deaf-mute's foot causes untold suffering.

When the grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.

Talk is cheap in this world, because the supply is so much larger than the demand.

There are two things that a woman will always jump at—a conclusion and a mouse.

A furrier once announced that he was repared to "make up capes, cloaks, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cool reply of her younger sister.

Crimsonbeak: "I understand that Joggs is quite sick. How did you find him to-day, Doctor; "Quite easily. I had the number of his house, you know."

Mamma: "You must not eat so many sweets, Flossie—it will injure your teeth!" Flossie: "How long will it be before I can take my teeth out like grandma does?"

Cnolly tells of how a pretty Texan belle refused to accompany him to the theatre, recently, because her new evening dress would not cover the porous plaster she had on her back.

"Another advance in shoe leather," as the young fellow said when he saw her old man's foot approaching for a second kick, when the first one had sent him down the front steps.

Dentist: "Well, how do the new teeth work?" Patient: "Not very well. They seem to cut the others." Dentist: "That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know."

Portly dame, struggling into her last season's winter jacket: "Why, Jane, I really do believe this thing has shrunk." Maid: "Yes, m'm; it is really wonderful how clothes do shrink at your time of life."

"What side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side. If you go one way it's on the right side; and if you go the other way, it's on the left."

"My friend, do you see that man over there? Well he's the greatest liar in this section, but he always has to keep his word." "How is that managed?" "Why, you see not a soul in all this region will take it."

"Did your son take a degree at college?" asked a gentleman of a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed he didn't," she replied with pride—"he didn't take anything! He is the healthiest youth you ever saw!"

Lady of the house, to tramp going through the gate—"Here! you promised to saw that wood if I gave you a meal." Tramp—"Yes'm; and I have fulfilled my promise. I saw it as I passed by. Your grammar is somewhat defective, I am pained to observe."

"Why am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Jones triumphantly to his wife. He expected she was going to say, "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she responded. "Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you."

William's father: "William, what do you mean by staying out late every night?" William: "Only to please mother, dad. She said she was going to buy me some new shirts, but wanted me to get all the wear I could out of my old ones first. So you see, dad, I'm sitting up at nights to do it."

RULES OF LIFE.—A prominent physician recently said: —There are ten simple precautions which form an excellent rule of life, and if people would but observe them I should have to resort to some other means of making a livelihood.

Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles.

Don't pick the teeth with pins or other hard substances.

Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food.

Don't eat or drink hot or cold things immediately in succession.

Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess.

Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side.

Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours work in each day.

Don't keep the parlor dark unless you value your own and your children's health.

Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned; the nominal average of sleep is eight hours.

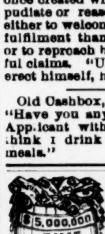
Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity.

CAUGHT IN A TIGER TRAP.—The other day in East Java, says the North China News, a band of contraband opium smuggiars passing through a jungle saw two tigers following them. They lost not a moment in hastening their steps, but the least nimble of them found the beasts of prey at his heels when he espied a tiger trap. He crept into it with the forbidden freight upon his back. The trap shut the closer for the heavy weight, and when danger no longer threatened the delirer, he attempted to lift the door of the trap, but all his efforts proved unavailing. Next day the settlers came to have a look at the trap, and rejoiced to see it closed, thinking a tiger had been caught. Their joy knew no bounds when the prize proved to be a smuggler with thirty catties of opium.

MISS ANDREA HOFER, a girl of 20, is editor of the McGregor (Io.,) *News*. She carries on the paper herself, doing all the editorial and nearly half the mechanical work. She has worked in the office since she was ten years old, and has graduated out of every department. Her helpers, a boy and girl, both younger than herself, set the correspondence and clippings. The editorials, notes, reviews, etc., Miss Hofer sets in type as she thinks them out.

AS FAST as any new duty is revealed to a man, or any great need of humanity appeals to his heart, or any truth or principle requires his assistance, an obligation is at once created which he can by no means repudiate or reason away. It stands there, either to welcome him to a higher life in its fulfilment than he has ever known before or to reproach him for neglecting its right ful claims. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Old Cashbox, to applicant for clerkship: "Have you any bad habits, young man?" Applicant with humility: "I sometime think I drink too much water with my meals."



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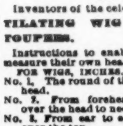
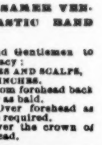

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The time of our discontent is passing rapidly, albeit it is difficult to remember that shortly spring will be crowned queen of the year. Even now the prettiest bonnets herald her approach by a subtle change in style and coloring.

Many of the smartest bonnets are entirely black, and depend on jet for the enlivenment of their sombre hue. The most bizarre of these is composed of a large jet butterfly, its upper wings bent upward so as to form a crest, its lower ones downward, while in front the glittering antennæ quiver above a small bow of black velvet.

Another charming little black bonnet is the Henri III., an almost exact copy of the small puffed capotes worn by the Valois King and his mignons, encircled by a coronet of jet, and with a miniature panache of black ostrich feathers set at the side.

More generally becoming to native faces, however, is the daintiest of little crêpe bonnets made of jet open work, resembling in form a sixteenth century coif, and with three or four knots of yellow ox-alis set here and there, tied with tiny black velvet bows.

Another coif bonnet of somewhat similar shape, delicately pointed over the brow, is of gray cloth inlaid with black velvet and oxydized silver galon.

These open crowns! What will not women venture at the bidding of fashion, even though neuralgia and rheumatism be the penalty to be paid. Does the favor these open crowns are received with show that women

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages,

because false hair is once again worn, and so their pretty polls are once more protected without the need of easy headgear? Whatever be the reason, it is certain that there are almost as many crownless bonnets to be seen now as there were in the hottest days of July.

Conspicuous among these is a marvellous garland, rather than bonnet, composed of a narrow fillet of green velvet, a bunch of violets and pale violet baby ribbon, and at the back a tangle of violets and their youngest, freshest greenest leaves. Less vernal than this is a flat toque composed of three horseshoe fillets of twisted olive and fawn velvet, with a great bunch of red and cream chrysanthemums fastening them together at the back.

Violets are the flower in the newest bonnets, and the Bonapartist blossom is shown to advantage in a bonnet also composed of horseshoe fillets, a wreath of Russian violets being set between two twists of brown velvet, all of which are tied together at the back with an upstanding bow of the velvet; while a tiny Marie Stuart bonnet of reseda-green chenille has the brim wreathed with Parma violets and no other ornament save a small reseda aigrette and osprey in the front.

Perhaps the prettiest bonnet on view is a wonderful interlacement of green velvet and black jet openwork, with a bow of narrow green velvet, a frou frou of black lace in front, and a black swallow perched on one side as though arrested on its southward flight.

Those black swallows—poor Procne plunged into deeper mourning for Itys than nature intended—are seen on many of the wide-brimmed black felt hats, which are bordered with Astrachan, and are so curiously and variously crumpled and twisted that I despair of attempting to describe the odd but picturesque and becoming forms into which deftest fingers have bent and fastened them.

Richly embroidered Zouave or Greek jackets are now sold for wearing with pretty skirts. The newest skirts are tucked, or have a ternate rows of tucks and French knots. This is a style newer than smocking. Many of the jerseys have epaulets in one style or another, following the dictate of fashion, which requires that everything shall now be much raised on the shoulders. Even lace fichus have, occasionally epaulets, and they may be of marabout trimming, pearl embroidery, or pleatings of lace.

One, recently seen, had a plain piece of lace cut to the shape of the neck and shoulders, with a deep fall gathered to it, reaching midway between shoulder and elbow, while round the throat was a band of feathery marabout of palest pink, and epaulet pieces on each shoulder. It tied with pink satin ribbons, and was intended to be worn for dinner, or, when otherwise required, over a low dress. Fichus are often worn at the theatre and small entertainments.

Hoods for evening wear are most carefully attended to, and are very often of silk, muslin, or crape lisse and lace. Pink is considered generally becoming to youthful faces, and a cream lace hood, with a frill of pink crape lisse, and long, wide ends loosely tied under the chin, is a dainty, though not a warm, head wrap.

Cream lace hoods, with two sable tails supporting the edge and resting on the hair, are novel. Instead of boas, there are necklets of full ostrich feathers, tying round the throat with ribbons. They are to be had in gray, black, white, and of natural plumage; they are worn on all occasions. Tartan silk handkerchiefs are fashionable for tucking into gown bodices.

Russian net, in all colors, is greatly used for ball gowns. It is allowed to fall very plainly over a silk skirt, and has ribbons or velvet run in and out, trou trou fashion. But a greater novelty is a skirt of netted silk braid, in the same style as the hair nets, once so popular.

For half mourning, an elegant gown can be arranged with this network in black, over a white silk or satin skirt, with tolerably wide white ribbon run in and out, near the edge; bodice and short square train of black brocade, with a wide white sash. Black lace, over black silk, can be substituted for the brocade, if lightness is an object.

Skirts of crape de Chine, slightly draped, with a full pleating of silk below, and bodice and train of brocade, are made up in exquisitely delicate shades—silver gray, pale pink, pale green and white being favorites.

The bodices are generally of two materials—one half of a substantial one—satin or velvet—and the other of an airy fabric drawn up in folds to the sleeve, and finished off in it. Sleeves are often quite differently manipulated.

A bracelet of flowers worn just below the short sleeve on one arm is a pretty fashion, and is often carried out in real flowers. Sometimes there is a floral bracelet on one arm, and a cluster of corresponding flowers on the tulle puff to mimic the sleeve, on the other.

Paniers are inclined to creep in again, not as we have hitherto known them, but arranged as if a string had been tied round the hips; and a good piece of the skirt pulled through it, and allowed to drop over. Ribbons are sometimes looped over at distances. The puff on the top of the sleeve is arranged to correspond.

Most ball skirts fall quite plainly in front, all the fulness being at the back. Ribbons run on, or run in and out near the edge of the skirt, are popular. Some go round the skirt, others up and down it, according to taste. They match the bodice or the sash.

On many of the Russian net skirts, a deep band of pointed lace of effective design is sewn on at a few inches from, or sometimes quite near the edge, with the points upwards. A piece with the points downwards passes round the hips at the edge of the bodice.

While sleeves are increasing in size, and rising perceptibly above the shoulders, the skirts of ball gowns seem to be diminishing in proportion. Steels have disappeared, and pads are "beautifully less," the billowy fulness is no more, and accordion-pleated skirts, falling as straight and clinging as possible, or plain widths, without a vestige of draping, have distinguished some of the best known *elegantes* at the winter's county balls.

Crape de Chine, mousseline de chiffon (a delicate silk barege or grenadine) and a most lovely crinkled silk crape in softly blended stripes, have been, and are, the principal materials used for trimming and forming the best gowns, the rest being usually satin or very rich silk and brocade.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A year or so ago every hostess had a centre of silk or satin on her table when she had a dinner party, and now, speaking broadly, these have gone out of fashion, but not quite.

Some women, who understand how to keep to an old and good idea, and improve upon it, use them still; and soft muslins and silks, rich satins, and brocade combine to please the eye and the fastidious taste at many festive boards.

But of this class of thing the newest idea is embroidered linen—"runners" is the term by which they are known—and the Kensington school of embroidery have some specimens which would certainly secure their remaining in fashion.

They are embroidered in colored threads, some with grotesque figures, some with mediæval pikemen, no two alike, all admirably drawn, and well executed; and they form the best of backgrounds to decorations of flowers, plate or china. A tablecover was novel, and we are always wanting new tablecovers.

The soft silk was bordered with a wide hem of a contrasting tone—say, for example, cream, edged with rose, and a trailing garland of flowers in silk was carried across the centre and the border.

More elaborate was a satin sheeting cloth, bordered with lace, which was shaped to the scallops in which the cloth was cut, and itself embroidered, as well as the cloth, which showed elaborate applique and veined and floriated designs of the Renaissance period.

Some dark blue curtains also had much to recommend them; they were elaborately embroidered in tapestry stitch with brown tones, large griffins being applique in a stone-colored satin sheeting.

There is no doubt that popular favor is all on the side of applique, that most of the more beautiful modern work is on those lines, and that old models of this kind of embroidery are being resuscitated every day.

Offertory bags are changing their form, and one of the newest is made in rich gold brocade, attached to handles placed at each end of a centre circle, which forms the mouth of the bag. An exquisite specimen of work was a small white velvet bag, embroidered with the "Agnus Dei."

It is a mistake to suppose the art of needlework is dying out among the women of our day. There are fewer who work, but those who do are, as a rule, exceptionally clever.

Few things are less understood than soup making, which, in itself one of the most economical of processes, is, by bad management, often made an excuse for gross waste. We invariably waste a quantity of material, such as, for instance, the liquor in which meat, poultry, vegetables, or even fish is boiled, which all forms an excellent basis for various soups, (needless, I hope, to add that they are not mixed!) while the amount of fresh meat we use is generally exorbitant.

Perfectly good clear soup can be obtained from bones (and cooked bones, too), by those who know how to manage it, and not one person in twenty would know the difference between it and fresh meat soup. If you intend to have good bone soup you must waste nothing.

All the bones of the weekly joints, the trimmings of cutlets, etc., the necks, gizzards, feet, etc., of any poultry, the carcases of any game, rabbits, etc., and last, but not least, the bacon rinds, duly scraped, must all go to the stockpot, or the saucepan which does duty for such an utensil.

To these must be added sliced carrots, turnips, the outside leaves of celery, onions, leeks—in short, almost any root vegetable you may chance to have handy.

Having collected your bones, scraps, etc., take a large saucepan and lay a good piece of dripping at the bottom: on this lay the scraps, vegetables, etc., with a bunch of herbs (thyme, bayleaf, a piece of lemon peel, and parsley, tied together), a few peppercorns, and two or three cloves stuck into an onion.

Close the lid down tight, and let it all fry for a few minutes till the contents are lightly browned (mind they do not burn); then pour in sufficient cold water to fill up the pan, sprinkle in the salt, and let it come very gently to boil.

As soon as it boils, draw it to one side of the stove, and then let it all simmer (no more) slowly for three or four hours; then strain it off and let it stand till cold, when the cake of fat which will have been formed on the top can be removed (this can be clarified and used like any other dripping). This stock must be boiled up every day, or it will not keep sweet, on account of the vegetables.

The bones, etc., of which it is made will bear another lot of cold water, and, if simmered as before for four or five hours, will give stock quite good enough to use as the foundation for gravies, sauces, etc.

To clear the first lot of stock for clear soup, put two or three eggshells and one white for every quart of stock, broken up and lightly beaten together, into a clean saucepan, and on this pour the soup to be clarified, let it come sharply to the boil, then let it boil for three or four minutes, whisking it steadily all the while to keep it from burning, and finally strain it through a clean and previously scalded table napkin; be sure not to handle it while running through. If not sufficiently clear, run it through the napkin a second time. It is then fit for use, and can be flavored and garnished as you please.

Most of their faults women owe to men, whilst men are indebted to them for most of their better qualities.

Confidential Correspondents.

R. V. M. H.—Swift in his "Gulliver's Travels" gives the name of "Yahoo" to one of a race of brutes having the form and all the vices of man.

E. A. W.—What is known as encaustic painting is really enamelling by fire. It is the revival of an ancient art.

JESSIE.—The engagement ring is not necessarily a diamond one; it may be of other stone. You should be governed in the purchase of such by the length of your purse.

P. A.—It is a sign of a weak, peevish nature to be jealous of your younger sister because she is more bright and attractive. You should emulate instead of envying her.

FAIR PLAY.—Not knowing the circumstances, we should say the proceeding was very unfair. Professional athletes have no business to compete in amateur performances.

JAMES S.—The coins you mention would rank among the personal effects of the deceased. Coins of any sort are personal property. 2 The writing is very good and business-like.

JESSIE.—A gentleman should always give the lady the wall in walking in the streets, and indoors should precede her when going upstairs if the staircase is not wide enough for them to walk side by side.

ELECT.—There is no rule about wedding dresses; the bride usually pleases herself in the matter. The growing fashion of being married in the travelling costume is an economical one, where the means are limited.

ELECTRIC.—The discovery of lightning conductors as a protection for buildings is attributed to a suggestion made by Benjamin Franklin immediately after, in 1752, he found out the identity of lightning with the electric spark.

MUSCA.—All but a very few of the common house flies are killed by cold weather. Naturalists claim that the fly swarms of early summer are the progeny of a few individual flies which have survived the winter in some protected nook.

P. L. T.—The young man seems earnest and straightforward. Unless you love some one else, or are quite indifferent to him, you can well afford to wait, being so young, but you ought not to encourage him, unless you really intend to marry him.

E. V. W.—By washing your hair with a weak solution of borax, the excess of oil in it may be considerably reduced. It must not be used more than once in two weeks; applied oftener, the borax will cause the hair to be crisp, harsh, and very liable to break off or fall out.

H. T. D.—Various mixtures are used to make adhesive coating for labels. A solution of dextrine, gum-arabic, or gelatine, or a mixture of such solutions, will answer. Sugar may be added to make the coating moisten more readily, but must be used with care, or it will make the cement weak.

R. N.—To polish a gun barrel, first rub it with very finely powdered pumice-stone and water; then very patiently with a rag wet with linseed oil. Last of all, clean the surface with a soft linen cloth, devoid of all greasiness, dipped in powdered starch, and then run briskly with the palm of the hand.

WILKIE.—You were quite right in acting with civility. The young man was polite to you; he showed his good taste in extracting you from an awkward little fix, and you took the best way out of the matter; so you are both right. There is a good deal of difference between pleasant behavior and forward behavior.

SMOKER.—A few stray cases of cancer have been caused by smoking; but the number is so small and the origin in some instances so doubtful that you need have no fear. Considering that thousands on thousands of tons of tobacco are yearly consumed, the hospitals would be crowded if there were any reason for your alarm.

ROBESPIERRE.—1 In a mezzotint engraving the lights are produced by scraping on a black ground; in the line-engraving the shadows are produced by delicate variations in the depth and nearness of the parallel strokes of the burin. 2 Strictly speaking, a proof is merely an early impression of an engraving. 3 As the plates are used, the quality of the picture gradually deteriorates.

F. K.—1 The young lady makes a mistake when she supposes that the present you have given her should be returned in kind. That is not the true idea in present giving. Consequently she may or may not give you something in return. 2 Prove to her the falsity of the reports concerning your constancy by living an upright, honorable life. This is the only way to refute the slanders of your enemies.

J. M.—The memory is similar to muscular fibre, in that the more it is cultivated the stronger it becomes, and the more it can be cultivated. Effort is the principal factor in improving the memory, and on it the so-termed "systems" are based. The study of languages has been recommended for training the memory. Geometry, as taught in schools and colleges, is also valuable to discipline the memory.

T. S.—It would be advisable, if you desire to live happily, to marry the man you love, and we can see no reason, provided he is a worthy object of that affection, for objection on the part of your parents. Perhaps, however, there is in some objection to him which you have not mentioned. As you do not love the other party, it would be as well to let him know that such is the case, and relieve him of his suspense.

DRACO.—An eclipse in which the moon is touched by the earth's penumbra would be an eclipse as usually defined, for eclipses are considered to last from first to last contact with the penumbra. The earth's umbra reaches considerably beyond the moon's orbit, and its depth from apex to the earth's surface varies with the earth's distance from the sun. The earth's penumbra is capable of eclipsing a body as distant from it as the nearest planet's, but at such a position the earth appears but as a small body passing across the sun's disc. In other words, what would be an eclipse were the planets near the earth is to them only what is called a transit. Venus—much nearer the sun than we are—when we enter her penumbra, appears as a black spot passing across the sun or in transit. The depth of the umbra varies with the earth's solar distance, and must be calculated from it.